HENRY · CABOT · LODGE

&

WILLIAM
LAWRENCE

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HENRY CABOT LODGE

HENRY CABOT LODGE

A Biographical Sketch

BY

WILLIAM LAWRENCE

Bishop of Massachusetts

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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TO

THE HAPPY MEMORY OF TWO FRIENDS

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

AND

HENRY CABOT LODGE

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS INSCRIBED

PREFACE

As Henry Cabot Lodge was my lifelong friend, I accepted the invitation of the Legislature of Massachusetts to give an address in his memory at the State House on April 1, 1925.

This little book is written for the fuller information of his fellow citizens about a son of Massachusetts who served her in the United States Senate for thirty-one years.

W. L.

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HENRY CABOT LODGE

* * *

CHAPTER I

STOCK AND YOUTH

For over fifty years a photograph of Cabot Lodge, taken when he was twenty-one, at the time of his graduation from Harvard and of his marriage, has been in my study. Looking at it again in these last few days, I have recalled what he was at the time, a round-faced, full-cheeked boy, with curly hair, and a rather strong jaw, while about the mouth there is a slight curve of sarcasm, and a tilt of aloofness to the nose.

As we met him day after day, his expression was open, frank, and usually pleasant; but he did not easily brook opposition. There were no clear marks of such force or leadership as he revealed

later. Concealed behind his face and in him were, however, dormant powers unguessed by friends, or, I believe, by his parents.

In order that we may surmise as to where his character came from, I go back to a study of his ancestry and boyhood up to the date of my photograph. My authorities are his charming volume of 'Early Memories,' and my own recollections.

His grandfather, Giles Lodge, was an English merchant who, while on a business enterprise in Santo Domingo, escaped from a rising of the blacks followed by a massacre and took refuge on an American schooner which brought him to Boston. Here he settled down to business, dying in 1852. Cabot writes, 'The family tradition represents him as a gentleman of somewhat determined character, whose word was law, and whose laws were pro-

mulgated in the most precise form, and were subject to no debate.' His literary taste was evinced in his library, and especially a well-worn copy of the Elizabethan poet Spenser.

Through Giles Lodge and his wife Mary Langdon, Cabot was connected with the Langdons and Walleys, merchant families and patriots in the Revolution. On the side of his mother, Anna Cabot, he was descended from the Blakes of Massachusetts naval fame, and from the Reverend Francis Higginson, of Salem, as were Colonel Henry Lee, Major Henry Lee Higginson, and Senator George Frisbee Hoar.

The Cabots, of pure Norman extraction, came direct from the Island of Jersey to Salem. His great-grandfather, George Cabot, became a sea captain, then a successful merchant, and in the Revolution he took an active part in the priva-

teering. He was United States Senator in 1791, and retired at the end of five years, and by appointment of President Adams was first Secretary of the Navy for one month when that department was established. He was a friend of Washington, also an intimate friend of Hamilton, and 'continued to be the leader of the Hamiltonian Federalists until his death, and in 1814 was President of the Hartford Convention.' Samuel Eliot Morison, the historian, says: 'Cabot since 1804 had occupied in his party a position similar to that of Jefferson in the Republican Party after 1808. From Brookline (Cabot's home) as from Monticello, the active party leaders received letters that spoke with authority.' Of him Mr. Webster wrote, 'To my endeavors to maintain a sound currency I owe the acquaintance and friendship of the late Mr. Cabot.'

In summing up his ancestry Cabot

Lodge writes: 'I find on both sides merchants and sailors, sea captains and soldiers, men of action and men in business and in public life, but no clergymen except for the Reverend Francis Higginson. They seem on both sides to have been as a rule hardy, active, and successful, taking part in the life of their times and filling a place in the world, whether large or small, by work and energy.'

How much of his ancestry entered into the warp and woof of his character each of his friends may decide. Much, very much, in my judgment.

Between Otis and Winthrop Streets, off Summer Street, stood, some seventy-five years ago, 'a square stone house of smooth granite, large and comfortable, facing south and open on all sides,' the home of Henry Cabot. Here his grandson, Henry Cabot Lodge, was born on May 12, 1850.

In the garden or under the shade of the superb horse-chestnut trees of Summer Street or of the English elms on Bedford Street, little Cabot, trundled by his nurse in his baby carriage, first breathed the air of Boston, which was then innocent of soft-coal smoke; while his father's neighbors and friends, Rufus Choate, Wendell Phillips, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, and others, may have glanced at the rosy, cherubic face of the future Senator.

Eight years later the Lodges, feeling the pressure of business enterprise from the water, moved across the Common to 31 Beacon Street. The State House was then, as I well remember it, the original Bulfinch building, while next west of it, set back upon a terrace lower than that of the State House, was the beautiful and ancient stone house of Governor John Hancock; next to that was a brick house with substantial modern façade built by

Mayor Samuel Eliot, father of President Eliot, who sold it to John E. Lodge, Cabot's father. On a spot well within the limits of the present State House grounds, Cabot Lodge passed his boyhood. He was indeed a son of Massachusetts.

Here curled up on a sofa he read his child fairy tales and poetry, books of romance, too. Before he was ten years old, he had read all of Walter Scott's novels, and having a remarkably retentive memory he held and assimilated what he read. At five years of age he went to a little school kept by his mother's friend, Mrs. Parkman, whose warning stuck in his memory throughout life: 'Use your mind, Cabot: I do not care what you answer if you will only use your mind.' Later, he went to the school under Park Street Church, kept by the father of his boyhood friend, Russell Sullivan, and then to Dixwell's School in Boylston Place. He was now a

deep-dyed Boston boy, and had the freedom of the city: this last phrase, 'the freedom of the city,' I use advisedly, for of all my friends none was given such personal liberty to go and do as he pleased. This was due to no home neglect, but to the deliberate and, in his case, wise policy of his parents.

I recall his mother, Anna Cabot Lodge, who was a gentle lady of firm will, her face much as his was in later years; a woman of refined taste, wide reading, with a small circle of devoted friends. She presided with grace in a house of wealth, receiving those who represented the best culture and public activities of the time; a woman, who, if her kindly heart had not been restrained by wisdom, would have been liable to spoil her only boy; for such he was, with the additional risk of having an only sister several years his senior, who might naturally join in the spoiling process.

His father, John Ellerton Lodge, was a successful merchant and shipowner. Several of his clipper ships, the Argonaut, the Sancho Panza, the Storm King, the Cossack, and others, were of the fastest and most successful on the oceans of the world. These very names suggest his literary taste in days when ships were named after the owner or captain's wife. In their drives across the Saugus meadows to Nahant, he recited to his boy long passages from Scott and Gray, Shakespeare and Pope, Gray's 'Elegy' and 'The Bard,' and talked to him much of business and politics.

An only boy, the companion of his parents, matures early at some points in his mind and character, but not all; and Cabot's devotion to both parents was as complete and unfailing as was their confidence in him. Hence his freedom of the city carried him down to the docks and

ships, to the sailors and their haunts; and as his father was president of the Boston Theatre, Cabot went there as he pleased, roaming through the corridors, behind the scenes, into the greenroom, and among the actors and actresses, serving as a 'supe' from time to time; although his favorite theatre was the Museum, with the stage of Warren and Mrs. Vincent. The seamy side of life never interested Cabot. His home, traditions, taste, and character always kept his standards high and his life clean.

In the early sixties, Mr. Lodge, whose father had a cottage at Nahant, bought East Point, a noble, rocky estate, whereon the great Nahant Hotel, managed by Paran Stevens, and noted throughout the country, had stood before it burned down.

He was a man of stubborn will and occasional high temper. When, therefore, he undertook to close the paths which the

people claimed were rights of way to the cliffs and which they had enjoyed from time immemorial, his efforts were met by the indignation of the village and his neighbors: and he gained an unpopularity from which Cabot, who was a boy at the time, unjustly suffered.

However, we boys made our right of way across the estate to the cliffs, and Cabot joined with us in smashing the windows of the old billiard room and bowling alleys until chased over the fence by the gardener; when we ran to Cupid Rock, where we dove into the cold Nahant water and dried ourselves in the sun.

The boy is father of the man. In that home under the shadow of the State House we can see the man in the making. Cabot read omnivorously, and, as I have said, he remembered. His reading following his taste was of the best of English literature, poetry, romance, and history.

Verses and sententious expressions stored away then came to memory fifty and sixty years later and found their way to his lips in the Senate Chamber to thrill men unborn when he first read them.

History too was in the making during his boyhood, and his house, being next the State House, looked out upon scenes of the Civil War. Up Beacon Hill from the parade ground on the Common marched the First Regiment, responding to the call of President Lincoln, and the Second. Baltimore's massacre on the 19th of April, '61, had passed; Bull Run, too; Shaw's Regiment marched under his very windows and he saw them reviewed by Governor Andrew. His father's and mother's relatives' and friends' sons were wounded and dying. His schoolmate, Huntington Wolcott, brother of Roger, who was Governor in the Spanish War, to whom we boys gave a sword as we

cheered him off, was brought home in a few weeks dead. The North was hard-driven and needed friends. Then, as he devoured the papers, he read how England was arming privateers to destroy our merchant ships; how Charles Francis Adams, right from his father's circle, was standing up alone across the sea; while the statesman Gladstone was telling the English people that 'Jefferson Davis had made a nation.' More bitter than all, 'Punch,' the paper to which Cabot had always turned for fun and kindly humor, was week after week printing pictures hostile to the North, and, worst of all, caricaturing his hero, Abraham Lincoln. Even Tom Taylor's beautiful poem and apology at Lincoln's death, Gladstone's apology and the payment of $15,000,000, could not wipe out the memory.

We have come upon happier days, and England's statesmen and people have

changed. Few realized this more fully than Cabot, but these facts were burned into the souls of young Americans that, whenever in the short history of our country we had been weak or hard-pressed, England had lifted up her voice and hand against us. Historic sense and knowledge throw memories far back and cast lights and shadows far forward. What strikes deep into the minds and experiences of our boys may break out into action in broad and national fields when they are men.

In a trip to Europe with his family before entering college, Cabot gained a great stimulus in intelligent study, reading, and observation. His cousin, Constant Davis, as his tutor and companion, interpreted with intelligence and sympathy the history, architecture, and art of the countries; so that when Cabot entered Harvard, he was much more mature intellectually than most of his friends.

The curriculum studies, except history, had no special interest for him, so he pursued his reading along the lines of his own taste, graduating, able as he was, at about the middle of his class. Were Cabot a student at Harvard to-day, he would, through the stimulus of better teaching and a finer atmosphere, be working with avidity and ambition for honors in History, English, or the Romance Languages, and graduate with distinction.

Through his lack of general contact with all sorts of boys, he was socially undemocratic, and while taking part in games, he had no keen interest in them, or special aptitude for them. His favorite outdoor sport was horseback riding. By the time that he was ten years old, he had, under the teaching of an Austrian cavalry officer, got a firm seat. His father gave him a beautiful horse of pure Morgan blood, small but spirited, and I can see

them now, Cabot and Pip, galloping over Lynn Beach, or taking jumps in the field. That same aloofness which was his throughout life limited the number of his comrades, although he was known to the one hundred and sixty members of the class. He took part in the Hasty Pudding plays, and gave much time to the writing and setting on the stage of an operetta, a burlesque of 'Don Giovanni.'

One traditional class event, Junior Mock Parts, brought him conspicuously to the front. At the beginning of the year, each Junior Class assembled to listen to a recital by the Chairman of the Parts Committee of a supposed Class Day procession and Commencement Exercises, wherein those offices, usually given to the most popular and brilliant men, were filled by the most unpopular, stupid, or asinine. Interspersed in the narrative were quotations, quips, and sallies of wit

and sarcasm directed by name at various members. Cabot's reputation as a wide reader and a brilliant talker, with a head stored with quotations, gained him the chairmanship; and on a beautiful Saturday morning in October the whole class assembled in the Yard in front of Hollis. The casement of a window had been taken out, and Cabot, sitting on the sill with his legs dangling in the air, began the narrative, which was met with laughter, jeers, and quiet chuckles. Soon the atmosphere became tense, and as Cabot, with his somewhat rasping voice and evident enjoyment of the rapier thrusts, read on, surprise and then anger could be felt in the air. Many of his classmates were very angry, with the result that the festival of Mock Parts ceased with our class: there was too much dynamite concealed.

I doubt whether Cabot ever realized, either then or in later years, what effect a

certain quality of voice in making his brightest and most penetrating remarks had, for in his 'Early Memories' he says: 'I read the parts effectively and successfully, so that everybody heard them, and took considerable pride in my fleeting notoriety. But I soon had reason to regret my brief hour of triumph. Some of the men who were wounded never forgave me, and I found to my surprise that I was held responsible for all the parts, which were the work of many hands and which had been approved and selected by the entire committee. I felt hurt as well as astonished by this popular injustice, but I subsequently discovered that it was common in larger matters and to more numerous, older and larger populations than college boys can furnish.'

Very true: and herein was a bit of tragedy throughout Cabot's career. His thrusts of sarcasm, his occasional sharp

wit, with his manner and voice, sometimes more than counteracted the matter and sentiment of an otherwise fine and lofty speech.

Cabot cared but little for society: he slipped away early from parties and Germans, preferring to pass his evenings in reading, at the theatre, or talking and playing cards at his college club. The fact was that his heart was engaged early.

Anna Cabot Davis, sister of his former friend and tutor, Constant Davis, was the child of Rear Admiral Charles Henry Davis who had received the thanks of Congress for his service and victories in the Civil War and who was later Superintendent of the Naval Observatory in Washington, the highest scientific post in the Navy. As Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Lodge were cousins, Cabot and Nannie Davis, as she was always called, had known each other from childhood. There were intima-

tions among Cabot's friends of an attachment. In the winter vacation of our Sophomore year, a few of us went down to Washington and put up at the Arlington Hotel, across Lafayette Square from the White House. Cabot had quietly preceded us. How vividly I recall standing in the hall of the hotel at eleven in the evening when Cabot walked in, saying rather confusedly that he had just come from the Observatory. As I had seen him off to the Observatory at ten o'clock in the morning, it seemed to me that in the art of courting he was working somewhat overtime, thirteen hours in the day; but the vacation was short; no remarks were made; in our Junior year the engagement was announced. Nannie Davis had charm from childhood. Her face when lighted up in conversation, was most attractive, and her violet eyes held you. Highly cultivated, of rare judgment, always gracious

and even-tempered, she was to be to Cabot, in the stress of life, his defeats and successes, of inestimable worth; and no one realized that as he did.

CHAPTER II

SCHOLAR AND LEGISLATOR

THE morning of Thursday, June 29, 1871, the day following our Commencement, was even for Cambridge inexpressibly hot. It was the traditional day of the Phi Beta Kappa festival, when the *literati*, tottering and young, with ribbons of delicate blue and pink in their buttonholes, marched in procession to the First Parish Church to listen to the oration and poem. For over an hour President Noah Porter of Yale gave to the assembled brethren in his somewhat nasal tone a philosophical disquisition upon 'The Science of Nature or the Science of Man,' incomprehensible to most of the listeners, if not to himself. The real star of the day was to rise next, the poetic genius, the in-

terpreter of the West, Bret Harte. The audience forgot the awful heat and let drop their fans to listen; the poet, picking up his manuscript, read, not a quaint story in verse of Western camp, or an ode of border sentiment, but a poem entitled 'The Lost Beauty: a Philosophic Narrative,' wherein a chemist invents for his loved one, Miss Addie Delaine, an inflated suit of such gossamer material that, when she attends the coming-out of Miss Pollywog, she is carried away to cloudland by a puff of wind. When he finished, the brethren of the Phi Beta Kappa stamped out of the Meeting-House even hotter in anger than in body.

Near by a neighboring church was filled with another company. Just across the old burial-ground towards the Washington Elm stands Christ Church, where General and Mrs. Washington worshipped almost a century before, the Parish Church of the

Admiral Davises, who were now residents of Cambridge. Here Henry Cabot Lodge and Anna Cabot Davis were joined in holy matrimony. As the two children — for children they seemed to be — came down the aisle, their happy faces, the freshness of their youth, and the anticipation of their lives dispelled all thought of heat, and we passed blithely under the shade of the trees to the reception in the Davises' house on Quincy Street.

It was whispered among his classmates that Cabot's early marriage was partly prompted by ambition for a prize, the class cradle. At all events, he captured it, leading all his classmates during three generations; for he was a father at twenty-one, a grandfather at forty-four, and a great-grandfather at sixty-six.

The succeeding eight or ten years must have been the happiest of Cabot's life, although later he felt the satisfaction which

comes from a sense of power and an ability to serve.

The first year was passed in Europe, the winter in Rome, where he hunted for the first time, the one vigorous sport which he enjoyed for many years after. While he studied, travelled, and enjoyed art, the theatre, and meeting interesting people, he was haunted by the problem of his future. Before sailing for home he wrote for advice to his teacher in History at Harvard, Henry Adams, who answered: 'The question is whether the historico-literary line is practically worth following; not whether it will amuse or improve you. Can you make it pay, either in money, reputation, or any other solid value? Now if you will think for a moment of the most respectable and respected products of our town of Boston, I think you will see at once that this profession does pay. No one has done better and won more in any

business or pursuit than has been acquired by men like Prescott, Motley, Frank Parkman, Bancroft, and so on in historical writing.'

In commenting upon the advice Cabot wrote: 'Encouraged by this letter, I set to work when I reached home and was fairly established in Boston. I had no definite plan; no taste, no aptitude; no mastering passion beckoned me into any particular path. I merely desired to read history, and to write, if I could.'

He was rich for those days: he had most agreeable surroundings and friends, and was in a frame of mind where it would have been very easy for him to have assumed to be a scholar and have become a dilettante. There was in him, almost unobserved by those nearest to him, potential ambition and a passion for work which needed some magic touch to call them forth. Whether it was his wife, his matur-

ing life, the thrust of his ancestry, who knows? At all events, from that time Cabot Lodge took up his stride.

Believing that, whatever his future might be, he would be the stronger for a training in law, he entered the Harvard Law School, took his degree, was admitted to the Boston Bar, and passed a few fruitful months in the office of John C. Ropes, lawyer and historian, and John C. Gray, lawyer and a professor of law. Associated with Henry Adams, he was an editor of the 'North American Review.'

He was unconsciously (for there is no sign that he had public life in mind at that time) preparing himself with remarkable precision for the future. Beginning at the source of our traditions, he turned to the early law of the Germanic tribes, as the foundation of the legal and political history of the English-speaking people. He published for his Ph.D. an essay on 'The

Land Law of the Anglo-Saxons.' He lectured at Harvard on the history of the American Colonies; also of the United States: he published the life and letters of his great-grandfather, George Cabot: and gave a course of Lowell Institute Lectures on the English Colonies in America.

Working with his friend, John T. Morse, Jr., editor of the Statesmen Series, he published the 'Life of Alexander Hamilton'; and later edited the works of Hamilton in nine volumes; for his admiration of that brilliant, charming and chivalrous statesman whose portrait had hung on the walls of 31 Beacon Street was unbounded. He published also the 'Life of Daniel Webster' and the 'Life of George Washington.' Any one of these volumes would have earned for their writer a good name in literature. His 'Life of Washington' stands to-day unexcelled. Add to these the output of essays, occasional addresses

and lectures during the years before and soon after he entered Congress, and we have the record of an historical scholar and writer of very high standing.

His interest in these studies, the thrust of his ancestry towards patriotic service, and his desire for practical activity, led him to the caucus, to political work, and then towards office.

It was difficult to induce the shoemakers of Lynn and the people of Chelsea to take seriously a young man from Nahant, who had all the hallmarks and aloofness of manner of a gilded youth. But his determination, persistence, and ability gradually opened his way, and in 1879 he was elected by the Republicans of the Tenth Essex District as a Member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He served with credit, and, although only twenty-nine years of age, went as delegate and secretary of the Massachusetts

Delegation to the National Republican Convention of 1880 at Chicago. Serving a second term in the House, he was nominated in 1881 for the State Senate by the Republicans of the First Essex District; the campaign was a hot and close one, ending in the defeat of Lodge by about one hundred and fifty votes in about five thousand. Cabot was an only son, and usually got what he wanted. Even in boyhood games he had not always taken defeat pleasantly. He was ambitious and proud. The object of his ambition was for the moment the State Senate, with by this time probably a rather clear determination to try for Washington later. Cabot was angry: and his heat was not abated when in the next year he ran for the Republican nomination for Congress, and, beginning with thirty-eight votes on the first ballot, he received thirty-nine votes on the one hundred and thirty-first and

last ballot, when Mr. E. S. Converse, of Malden, was nominated.

That we may catch our breath, I draw our thoughts for a moment away from the heat of battle to more congenial scenes.

Gracious and elegant hospitality was a habit of Cabot's parents. The guests were well selected, and some of them were warm friends and under their roof for long visits. Senator Sumner's name comes first to mind. One of Cabot's earliest recollections was that of Mr. Sumner leaving his chair at the table and lying on the sofa because of the pain resulting from the brutal blow of Senator Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, which sent a shock of horror through the North. Mr. Sumner passed weeks each summer at Nahant with the Lodges, and Mr. Longfellow; and Cabot, an only boy, mature in his interests, became a companion in

the drawing-room. It was the same when Lothrop Motley, Francis Parkman, Mr. Longfellow, Dr. Samuel Howe, Professor Agassiz, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, and others were there. They all called him Cabot, treated him almost as an equal in years, and he listened. Here was an unconscious preparation for the future more vital even than the study of history; for these men were makers as well as writers of history; an impressionable boy gathers in principles, prejudices, facts, and personalities, that which goes to make patriots and mould the worship of heroes. Now that he was married and had a house of his own, he continued his parents' hospitable habit, and became the manhood friend of some of these same men, adding to them others, such as Chief Justice Horace Gray, later Justice of the Supreme Court; his brother, John C. Gray; Oliver Wendell Holmes the

younger, now the senior Justice of the Supreme Bench; Henry Lee, Henry L. Higginson, John C. Morse, and Robert C. Winthrop. Whittier was included in the circle of correspondents; George Bancroft, too; Justice E. Rockwood Hoar, Senator George F. Hoar, William E. Russell, Francis E. Parker, and others sat at his table. I never happen to have known a young man who moved among older and very distinguished men with such naturalness and ease. He never presumed, but could hold his own in conversation, and had more charm in talk than some of his elders.

Elected at twenty-five a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, he made contributions equal to the best; and in June, 1884, was elected an Overseer of Harvard College.

For years General Benjamin F. Butler had been an offence to a great body of the

good citizens of Massachusetts, certainly to all who thought themselves good. He had risen to be Governor, and had sat in the seats of the mighty. Harvard College, which had from time immemorial given an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws to the Governor of Massachusetts on his official visit upon Commencement Day, was shaken to its base with the debate as to what should be done. No degree was voted; and President Eliot's dignity, at the conferring of degrees upon others, was put to the test, while Joseph Choate was called on from New York that, as President of the Alumni dinner, he might, with President Eliot on one side and Governor Butler on the other, meet the situation with decision and with such wit as would relieve the tension. This he did gloriously with his opening confession that he was sitting between or on the horns of a dilemma.

The challenge went forth to the citizens of Massachusetts calling for some one who could defeat this political Goliath. In 1883 the final battle took place. Against Governor Butler was pitted George D. Robinson, a high-minded, straightforward, hard-hitting Yankee from the Connecticut Valley as the candidate for Governor, while Cabot Lodge managed the campaign. All the forces of respectability and virtue gathered in support, and the Goliath was politically slain. We who were partial friends were glad to think that Cabot was the David. He was now the young man for whom a generation had been waiting, a scholar, a gentleman, of spotless character; and whose steps were set in the path of purity in politics.

To be sure, there were whisperings among his friends and loud voices from his critics that unworthy methods had been used in his campaigns: that money

had flowed freely in Lynn, Chelsea, and Charlestown with the Navy Yard; that he was determined at all costs and by hook or by crook to redeem his defeat and go to Washington. There were no corrupt practices acts in those days.

When hard-boiled politicians, whose meat and drink depend upon party victory, lift up a scholar in politics as their standard-bearer, things may and do happen, whether he is aware of them or not; and Cabot probably had his suspicions.

When before the Civil War the Nation stood in the valley of decision, and men were separating to one side or the other, James Russell Lowell wrote:

> 'Once to every man and nation
> Comes the moment to decide,
> In the strife of truth with falsehood,
> For the good or evil side.'

That moment for Cabot Lodge came at the Republican National Convention of 1884.

The party leadership had fallen into dubious, if not unscrupulous, hands. Senator Blaine, the 'Plumed Knight,' was thought by many citizens especially in the East to represent most that was demoralizing in the political life of the time, and in an investigation of the relation of certain Senators to the financing of the Union Pacific Railroad had been shown up in a way that was to his discredit. He was, however, the 'destined' candidate of the Republicans. There was a large wing of the party, men of high and independent standards, Civil Service advocates, like George William Curtis, who threw themselves into a pre-convention campaign for the nomination of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont. Among these, and a leader, was Cabot Lodge, who went to Chicago as a delegate-at-large, and who fought up to the last moment to down Mr. Blaine. He won in the first skirmish, obtaining the

election as temporary chairman of the man whom he nominated and whom young Theodore Roosevelt, only twenty-five years of age, who was also working for Edmunds, seconded. The machine was too strong; Blaine was nominated; and then came the moment of decision.

All Independents and many Republicans bolted as a matter of course, and voted for Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic nominee for President. To the chagrin and anger of all those who had looked to Cabot, the scholar and rising knight of political purity, he came out for the Republican ticket, although it was clear that he considered Blaine an unfit candidate. What added bitterness to the gall was that Cabot went on the ticket as a candidate for Congress from the Essex County District. He was 'a lost leader.' The great majority of his friends, acquaintances, and men whose opinions he held

in highest regard turned away from him.

Of course, he had the support of the great body of party men: but, speaking of myself as typical of hundreds, thousands, who had hoped for better things, I had no use for Cabot politically for years after. I felt that he had traduced his cause, and that his personal ambition to go to Congress was mixed up with his action. Whatever step or speech he made in Congress for a long time to come, I read with suspicion as to his political motives. While we were no doubt acting on imperfect knowledge, he was his own worst enemy, for he held himself so aloof, was apparently so well satisfied that his decision was the only right one, that he seemed to assess us as ignorant and short-sighted in such matters.

All the time, however, as indeed through his life, he felt the keenest gratitude to

any one who gave him a word of approval, especially when the tide was set against him. Last month Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes happened to tell me that during this very stress he caught sight of Cabot on the opposite sidewalk. The Judge crossed and, taking him by the hand, assured him that he was right in standing by the ticket of the Convention. For this Cabot was then and ever after most grateful.

The campaign ended in the downfall of both Blaine and Cabot; at which we savagely rejoiced. While Roosevelt, who had locked arms with Cabot and in his support appeared for the first time on the stump, wrote: 'It is simply cruel; and probably you feel as if your career has ended; that is not so; you have certainly received a severe blow; but you would be astonished to know the hold that you have on the party at large. They will

never forget you, and come back in time you must and will.' And he added: 'The Republican Party of Massachusetts will not break up: it will remain the dominant party of the State; and it will feel thoroughly that it owes its success in the immediate past more to you than to any other one man, and that you have sacrificed yourself to save it.' 'And the party will, I think, next put you in a position where you can receive its vote throughout the State.' As for himself, Roosevelt thought then, as he did time and again in his career, that he was politically dead and buried.

Forty years have passed since that time, and to me they have been years of rather wide experience, and some thought. At first hostile to Cabot's action, then doubtful, I came some years ago to the conviction that, taking everything into consideration, Cabot did right. And I now wish

that I had told him so. He would have been grateful, but he would have unconsciously made me feel as if I had been rather a fool at the time.

Why do I think he was right? Because, in the first place, he belonged by inheritance in the Republican Party, and in a forsaking of family traditions the burden of proof is on the young. His father had been so profoundly stirred against slavery that he had joined the Republican Party when it was formed, and Cabot's first political recollection was that he 'hollered for Frémont' at six years of age. In the next campaign he wore a Lincoln badge; and he was then, as always, a loyal friend of Charles Sumner.

In the next place, experience has borne in on me the conviction that in the long run the welfare of this Republic depends upon the existence and integrity of two responsible parties, representing roughly

the two theories, principles, and sentiments which from time to time come to the front in our political life. Citizens of independent thought and action are of great value: by throwing their vote for one party or the other on various issues, they give warning to the party leaders as to the future. Groups or blocs, representing for a time some special cause, also have their uses; provided they dissolve when their day is passed, and their cause has been defeated or absorbed into one or both parties. But in the rough — and we cannot be exact and meticulous when we are thinking in figures of one hundred millions — two responsible, self-perpetuating parties are our political safety.

Finally, Cabot had gone as delegate-at-large from his State to a convention of the Republican Party: he knew beforehand what the issues were to be. He took an active part, nominated and succeeded in

the election of a temporary chairman. Unless, therefore, the convention had taken some totally unexpected or exceptionally unworthy action, he was, it seems to me, bound in honor to play the game through.

Moreover, in so doing he was placing himself in a position where it might be possible for him later to use his influence, increased by loyalty, to embed the principles for which he stood in the party programme. There were occasions when he seemed to his best friends to act in a partisan spirit; but in this decision I now believe that in loyalty to his party he was best serving his own honor and his country.

In 1886, Mr. Lodge was elected to the National House of Representatives by a vote of 13,495 over 12,767 cast for his Democratic opponent, Colonel Henry Lovering.

He served in the Fiftieth Congress on the Committee on Elections. In 1888, he was reëlected by an increased majority over Roland G. Usher; and served on the Committee on Naval Affairs. Two years later, when the Democratic Party almost swept the State, he was reëlected to the Fifty-second Congress after a hard fight against the Mugwump Democrat, William Everett, of Quincy, not a resident of the Sixth District, by a close vote, 14,579 against 13,539 for Mr. Everett, a majority of 1040. In 1892, when a Democratic President and Governor were elected, he defeated Mr. Everett by nearly five thousand votes, and sat in the Fifty-third Congress until elected to the Senate.

Although he was only thirty-five years old when he entered the House, he soon won recognition by his industry, his readiness to serve, and promptness in dispatching business; and especially by the clear

and vigorous way in which he presented his causes and defended them on the floor of the House and in committee.

Finding in Washington a Democratic President, and a Democratic press, his tone was critical of every act of the Administration and of Mr. Cleveland personally. Mr. Lodge, however, did not lack courage to change his mind and acknowledge misjudgments. A few years later he said to a friend, 'I was entirely wrong about Mr. Cleveland. Through his independence, fearlessness, and ability he will go down in history as one of our best Presidents.'

Upon him fell two heavy duties, both unpopular at the time and full of controversial points. In one he was defeated; the other he carried to success.

Of the many problems left over from the Civil War and the Reconstruction Period, one most difficult and acute, yet

fundamental, remained for settlement; and it has not been settled to this day.

Upon the wave of victorious enthusiasm and idealism the Nation had passed the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments giving the recently freed slaves the franchise. How the North could have been so blind to all history as to expect the defeated and proud Southerners to allow their slaves to rule over them, we may now wonder. The Amendments were, however, a part of the Constitution and the law of the land. Mr. Lodge, as an historian, a lawyer, and a patriot, believed then, as he believed to the day of his death, that obedience to the law is the very corner-stone of our liberties. A sentimental motive also prompted him to stand sponsor for the enforcement of these Amendments: they had been initiated and supported by his father's friend and his friend, Senator Sumner, as the logical

conclusion of the freeing of the slaves and the sacrifices of the Civil War.

As a scholar in politics unseasoned by years of experience, Mr. Lodge leaped into the fray and soon found the missiles flying about his head. We can imagine the anger of the people of the South when, on opening their morning papers, they read such language as this from the young upstart Congressman from the same Boston which had fought against the return of the slave Burns a generation before. 'Last and greatest of all,' said Congressman Lodge, 'true Americanism demands that the ballot box everywhere shall be inviolate, even if it takes the whole force of the United States to make it so. The people's confidence in the decision of the ballot box is the only guarantee that we have of the safety of our institutions, and we do not now guard it as we ought.'

The election results of those years made

it clear that the forcing of the South to permit the negroes to vote and to have their ballots honestly counted was a dead issue. The 'waving of the bloody shirt' had created a solid South, and was endangering the unity and peace of the Nation. And so, from that day until now, for more than a whole generation, millions of citizens, guaranteed by the Constitution the right to vote, are not permitted by their fellow citizens to vote; while they, being counted as citizens, fill the quotas of Congressional Districts and enable the South to have a membership in Congress far greater than the number of their real voters warrants. Wherever the fault may lie, and the North has its share of it to confess in her Reconstruction policy soon after the war, the facts remain; an anomaly in our national life and a source of demoralization to the people of the South.

Detested as Mr. Lodge was throughout

the South during these years, it is high testimony to his fine spirit and that of the Southern people that in later years he gave the address in the Senate at the presentation of the statue of John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, the great exponent of 'those theories of government to which Hamilton, Webster, and Sumner were all opposed'; lectured in Raleigh, North Carolina, upon the Constitution, and responded sympathetically to the dying request of that rampant Southerner, Senator Tillman, to give an address in his memory in the Senate Chamber.

It is difficult for us at this distance of time to appreciate the courage, high-mindedness, and strategy which the support of Civil Service Reform demanded in those days. It was hated, abused, and scoffed at by the great majority of Senators and Congressmen; and the people throughout the country regarded it as a

fad of the cultured. The work of the Government was run on the basis of patronage, and the theory that 'to the victors belong the spoils.'

Here again the scholar in politics entered the fray, to find it, however, a long, hard, and often weary fight, both on the floor and in committee. Every hostile device was used to thwart the effort — direct vote, log-rolling, misrepresentation, threat, withholdal of appropriations, and stubborn indifference. Here is where the stubbornness of Mr. Lodge and his fighting qualities first had full play. After the earliest battles were won and a few classes of Civil Service had been placed upon the list, he gained the good-will of President Harrison, and induced him to appoint Theodore Roosevelt as Civil Service Commissioner. In him was a fighter worthy of any man's steel, and in this office Roosevelt first showed Congress and the country

what sort of man he was. Singularly enough, it was just about this time, when Mr. Lodge was serving the country in the very line of action that the Mugwumps, Independents, and general critics of politics were supporting, that he was defeated of reëlection for a second term as Overseer of Harvard, action which I think has never been taken in any other instance. This cut him to the quick; and it seemed to him an act of injustice, when he was giving just such service and sacrifice as the University asks of its sons. The real causes were, I believe, ignorance of the facts and a distrust left over from the Blaine campaign. Detractors of Mr. Lodge repeated again and again in leading newspapers that he was a mere politician, ambitious for his own advancement, ambitious only for his own advancement and a purveyor of patronage. Roosevelt's answer to them was in a letter to Mr.

Lodge in 1892: 'You are the one conspicuous Republican leader who has done his whole duty, and very much more than his whole duty, by the reform in the last three years.' And Roosevelt's successor as Commissioner, Mr. F. E. Leupp, said in Baltimore in 1890: 'Mr. Lodge led the fight. It was easy for the rest to follow when he had broken the way. When he made the assault, things looked very black. The tide had seemingly set strong against the reform and against granting any appropriation. There was urgent need for some one of the leaders of the majority, carrying influence and weight in the House, to make a bold and decided fight on behalf of reforms, and Mr. Lodge did it.'

CHAPTER III

SENATOR

In January, 1893, Mr. Lodge was elected Senator to succeed the late Senator Dawes, and wrote later: 'In 1893 I took my seat in the Senate of the United States. There was a Democratic President, a Democratic Senate, a Democratic House. There was a Democratic Governor in Massachusetts.'

The height of his ambition had been reached in that he now sat in the seat of his great-grandfather, whose career in the Revolution and after had been an inspiration to him, and of his hero and elder friend, Senator Sumner; and was the colleague of George F. Hoar, who, although they did not always think together, was to him as a father until Mr. Hoar's death in 1904. The mutual devotion of these

two men and their confidence in each other is one of the most beautiful episodes in the history of the Senators in Massachusetts.

Had Mr. Lodge realized that he was to be a member of that body for thirty-one years, his cup of gratitude would have been full, for, as he said later, 'to be Senator from Massachusetts had been the pride of my life.' A nomination to the Presidency came close to him when in 1916 Mr. Roosevelt wrote the Republican Convention advising his nomination as a compromise candidate of Republicans and Progressives; but Mr. Lodge, who through life never showed to his closest friends any ambition for the Presidency, immediately declined, giving as his reason that, being the presiding officer of the Convention, he could not honorably compete with Mr. Hughes. When we recall the number of great Senators in the his-

tory of this country whose careers have been wrecked by presidential ambitions, we may be grateful that Mr. Lodge had the character as well as the temperament to serve for life as Senator.

There was, however, one position toward which he looked with hope for twenty-six years, the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, held for so many years by Senator Sumner, for he knew himself to be more fitted for the leadership of the Senate in foreign affairs than in any other department of service. His respect, however, for the traditions of the Senate and the rule of seniority restrained his impatience during the long term in which Senator Cullom held that position, and it was not until six years before his death that by right of seniority he took the chairmanship.

Instead of commenting upon his life in exact chronological order, I am going to

try to outline a few of Senator Lodge's political principles, illustrated in some of the salient features of his senatorial career.

First, and always, he was a passionate lover of his country. He once quoted Emerson's words, 'Let the passion for America cast out the passion for Europe'; adding himself, 'I would have the passion for America enter into every man's soul. This great democracy is moving onward to its great destiny.'

In his conception of the Nation, its character and relations to other nations, he was saturated with the principles of its founders, supported as they were by Anglo-Saxon and English traditions. In his judgment we are not a congeries of States — that question was settled in the Civil War — but a nation; and the essentials of a nation, as of an individual, are character, integrity, unity, and self-

respect. Hence the intelligence and character of the people are the foundations of national life. Our Constitution was framed by and for a self-reliant, forceful people. Our future existence depends upon their continuing such.

Second: Ours is a representative government. It is not a direct democracy, where laws are made, changed, or interpreted by the passing waves of sentiment. The people, by electing men of outstanding leadership as their representatives, fulfil the best form of government, and these men are the representatives, not of transient moods, but of the general principles and temper of the people who have sent them. Hence representatives should not be instructed in matters of detail, but should be trusted to act according to their own conscience and judgment, sometimes in opposition to the mood or opinions of their constituency. The final test of their

representative character is in the willingness or refusal of their constituency to return them to office.

Third: The three constitutional departments of the Government, the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial, each has its defined duties and powers; and each must be sustained in them.

Fourth: The government of this country is in general that of law and not of persons. We have a written Constitution, framed with the utmost care by far-seeing statesmen — to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase, 'the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain or purpose of man.' As far back as 1911, in an address upon 'The Constitution and its Makers,' Mr. Lodge said: 'The makers were not making laws to regulate or to affect either social or economic conditions. Their work was not only higher, but different. They were lay-

ing down certain great principles upon which a government was to be built and by which laws and policies were to be tested as gold is tested by a touchstone.' Under this conception of the Constitution, this country is a true democracy; and loyalty to it and the law as interpreted by the courts is the first duty of every citizen.

Fifth: As with a person, so with a nation. If there appears to be strength and integrity, there must be not only the instinct of self-defence, but the ability to make the defence. What this country says we will undertake to do, we must be ready to do, and have the power to do. Hence, in all matters of international relations and treaties, Senator Lodge was most careful to commit the Government only so far as the Government could redeem its pledges: otherwise our agreements and treaties would be a form of bluff or scraps of paper. In financial mat-

ters, too, this Nation must pay its debts in coin of world value.

Sixth: Believing as he did in party government, he believed also that in all relations with other peoples the Nation should act unitedly and support the Administration regardless of party. In a speech upon intervention in Cuba he said, 'I believe, when we are face to face with a foreign power, there is one duty that overrides all others, higher than politics, and higher than everything else, and that is that the Congress, and the people and the Executive of the United States should stand absolutely together. . . . I have always thought with Webster that party politics should cease at the water's edge. . . . I think we may well apply his patriotic principle to our dealings with our own insular possessions.'

In taking up a few of the many subjects which came before him for consideration

and action, I shall be concise, and as far as possible quote his words. I have already touched upon two, the Force Bill and Civil Service Reform.

Tariff principles and problems were, of course, always before him. He could not escape them: he did not want to; for, apart from his position as a representative of New England industries, he felt that Protection wisely applied was essential to the wealth and well-being of the country.

'Protection rests on the broad doctrine that the power of the community can be wisely used in certain cases for the benefit of the whole body politic.'

In his Symphony Hall address he added: 'I am a Republican and a Protectionist. I believe that a protective tariff is absolutely necessary to maintain the level of American wages, which is a higher level than exists anywhere else. I believe that

the measure of protection should be that stated by the Republican National Convention of 1908, which is that the rate of duty should equal the difference in the cost of production between this and other countries, with due allowance for a fair margin of profit. In order to determine this difference, I believe that there should be a permanent tariff commission composed of independent experts whose duty it shall be to collect all facts showing comparative costs of production, and to submit them to the President and to Congress as rapidly as they are gathered for each successive item. I supported the provision creating the Tariff Board in the Act of 1900.'

The coming generations will find it difficult to believe that the details of all articles to be protected were considered and acted upon by open discussion in such a large body of men as composed the

Congress. The pressure upon the members of both houses by the representatives of the various industries was demoralizing and created all kinds of misunderstandings and accusations. Very early in his career in Congress, Mr. Lodge moved for a more adequate and scientific method.

As to the racial constituency of this country, the experiences of the last few years have created an intense reaction against the earlier and supposedly idealistic conception of this land as a refuge for all liberty-loving, down-trodden, and impoverished peoples — a reaction which might not have been so severe had the warnings been heeded of those who, like Senator Lodge, urged reasonable restriction of immigration a generation ago.

In 1887, when such a statement called for political courage, he said, 'True Americanism opposes the further use of Western lands to invite immigrants: they

should be the heritage of the American people: immigration should be restricted.'

In 1896 he added: 'More precious even than forms of government are the mental and moral qualities which make what we call our race. While those stand unimpaired, all is safe. When those decline, all is imperilled. . . . They are exposed to but a single danger, and that is by changing the quality of our race and citizenship through the wholesale infusion of races whose traditions and inheritances, whose thoughts and whose beliefs, are wholly alien to ours, and with whom we have never assimilated or even been associated in the past.'

As Chairman of the Committee on Immigration he framed and supported the bill to increase the air space in the steerage of ships, a law to strengthen the contract labor of immigrants, a new naturalization law, and the Mann Bill, to destroy the

white slave traffic. He also framed a bill for a literacy test for the selective restriction of immigration, which later became part of our immigration laws.

Conservative as he was in temperament, he supported a large part of the progressive legislation of his term of office. As early as 1884, in a speech before the New England Society in New York, he said: 'Practical measures are plentiful enough: the hours of labor; emigration from our overcrowded cities to the lands of the West; economical and energetic municipal governments; proper building laws; the rigid prevention of adulteration in the great staples of food; wise regulation of the railroads and other great corporations; the extirpation of race and class in politics; above all, every effort to secure to labor its fair and full share of the profits earned by the combination of labor and capital. Here are matters of great pith and

moment, more important, more essential, more pressing, than all others. They must be met; they cannot be shirked or evaded.'

He helped to frame and supported the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, the first attempt to control great combinations of capital; the Railroad Act of 1904 which stopped railroad rebates; and the great Railroad Act of 1906; the Pure Food Law and the law which compelled the Chicago packers to submit their buildings and food products to Government inspection; the law against the opium traffic was reported by him, and he secured its enlargement and the inclusion of cocaine in the Tariff Act of 1909. When he first entered Congress, he introduced a bill for the Postal Savings Banks, and voted for its passage in 1910. He pressed for the Parcels Post, the Employers Liability Act, the sixteen-hour act for railroad employees, and the Compensation Act for

Government workmen. He introduced the general Child Labor Law, and succeeded in getting it made law in the District of Columbia. He supported the Forestry Reservation, and voted for the corporation tax and for the Constitutional Amendment for the income tax.

Believing that he as a Senator should leave with the Legislature the question of direct nominations, he contented himself with giving his cordial assent to the resolution of the Republican State Convention approving of the direct nomination law. As one might naturally expect from his belief in representative government, he voted against the election of Senators by direct, popular vote, and in that had the support of the National Convention in Chicago in 1908.

He believed in the Referendum whenever the Legislature deems wise to order it, but was opposed to the compulsory

initiative and compulsory referendum, believing that they would sap the very foundations of representative government. 'Representative government and political and popular freedom throughout history have gone hand in hand,' he said. 'They go hand in hand to-day in those countries which are taking the first painful steps toward a larger liberty and a more democratic government. The first care of every despot has been to emasculate or destroy representative government. Where representative government has perished, political freedom has not long survived.'

Later, he opposed Woman's Suffrage, believing that the right of every man of twenty-one years of age to vote offered as broad a suffrage as was wise.

He opposed the Constitutional Amendment on Prohibition on the ground that he always stood upon, that the Consti-

tution is a statement of principles, that therefore the subject was not a proper one for Constitutional Amendment, that as a national law it could not be well enforced, and that temperance would be best promoted by State law and the public opinion of each State. When, however, the Amendment and its enforcement laws were passed, he, as always, stood straight and strong for their enforcement.

From 1890 to 1896 occurred the great fight between those who supported the silver and the gold standards. Senator Lodge, who always had confidence in the judgment of the people when the issue before them was clear, said in the House as far back as 1892: 'This question cannot be smothered or evaded. It can be settled only by the great tribunal of the people voting directly upon it. . . . When it is so placed before the people, I have no doubt of the ultimate result. The Ameri-

can people will decide, as they always have decided, in favor of a stable currency and honest money.'

The Republican Convention of 1896 put into its platform two planks of a gold standard and a willingness to coöperate with the European nations in their effort to restore bi-metallism, 'which we pledge ourselves to promote.' The Democrats, under the leadership of Mr. Bryan, put in their platform a plank for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and made no reference to coöperation with Europe. Both before and after the Convention in the presidential campaign, there was a battle royal — a great campaign of the education of the American people upon standards of honesty as applied in financial obligation.

The fight for a gold standard in the Republican Convention was a keen one and uncertain in its result from the start,

for while it was quite clear that there could not be a silver majority, there were perhaps enough delegates committed to bi-metallism to prevent a majority for the gold standard. International bi-metallism was supported by some well-known European and American financiers, and while there were dangers in it, many of the gold supporters, among whom was Senator Lodge, believed that it was necessary to include the reference to international bi-metallism in order to gain a majority for gold.

Hence Senator Lodge in leading the Massachusetts delegation for gold was active also in the introduction of the bi-metallism clause, with the result that he came home hailed by the East as responsible perhaps more than any one else for the saving of the country to gold, though criticized by some for his apparent leaning toward bi-metallism. The test of

such a political move is in its success, which eventually followed.

It so happened that Mr. Lodge came back from the Convention to the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Commencement of his Class of 1871. At the risk of mentioning my part in it, I cannot help telling the story of his reception and response.

The critical or hostile sentiment of the officers and alumni of Harvard, as well as of his own class, was still almost as strong, in spite of the fact that Senator Lodge had shown himself to those who took the trouble to study his career a patriot and a strong supporter of most of the causes which his sharpest critics believed in.

Although Williams and Yale Colleges had given him the honorary degree of LL.D., Harvard had not done so, and did not do so until 1904. In the appointment of the Chief Marshal for the day, which was made by the alumni committee upon

nomination by the class committee, I was selected. I immediately declined and protested that Senator Lodge was the man and the only man who should be considered for that honor. It was, however, of no avail. I was made to see that he would not be selected under any circumstances: hence I accepted the duty. As Commencement Day approached, it looked as if no attention were to be paid him by the University. On the afternoon before Commencement, when supervising arrangements at Memorial Hall, I found the President of the Alumni Association, Mr. Edmund Wetmore, of New York, and told him in rather warm language that Senator Lodge ought to have some recognition on his twenty-fifth anniversary, and should at least be asked to speak at the alumni dinner.

Mr. Wetmore, who was always most courteous, said that, although the list of

speakers was made up, he would invite him. Tearing a leaf out of the yellow notebook of the steward, I handed it to Mr. Wetmore, who scratched off in pencil a note to Senator Lodge, which I took in to the class dinner that evening and gave him. As he read it, he looked up with an expression, half grateful and half cynical, and said: 'It is a nice time to ask a man to speak at the alumni dinner. I shall have to make the speech that I was going to give to the class this evening.'

This phrase interested me as suggestive of the care with which Mr. Lodge composed his speeches. I had supposed that he could easily get up another speech for the next day. However, at the class dinner he made a few remarks, while the tenor of his speech the next day, a purely Harvard class speech, showed that it was the one which he had intended to give the evening before.

When, at the Commencement dinner, Mr. Wetmore, in introducing Senator Lodge, referred to his leadership for gold at the Republican Convention, I watched the alumni with keen interest, for they had to recognize that the Senator was not only a national figure, but had led in a great national victory. The applause was strong and hearty, at which the Senator, who could never escape from being Cabot Lodge, with a voice of gratitude and sarcasm, and with a note of victory, opened his speech with these pointed expressions:

'I thank you for this greeting, which indicates that you agree with me in the position I have lately taken at St. Louis. There was never any doubt as to the position of the great Republican Party, to which I belong, upon the money question, but there was a doubt as to whether they would declare that position without

reserve. With the delegates from our dear old State, and with the leaders of other States, I had a share in framing the declaration of the party upon the money question, and we made it so plain and honest that no man can misinterpret it. I am glad that my action in this respect meets with your approval. Praise and blame often come to a public man from the same quarter at not remote intervals. But no public man can afford to shape his course from desire of the one or dread of the other. There is only one absolute master whom I recognize, and that is my own conviction of what is right. There is only one approval that is absolutely essential to me, and that is the approval of my own conscience.'

CHAPTER IV

SENATOR

When he was a boy, Cabot Lodge used to go down to the dock with his father and watch the ships weigh anchor for their voyages to distant countries. When one of his father's ships came beating up the harbor, he again accompanied his father to welcome the officers and the crew, to hear their tales of distant lands, and to watch the unloading of the highly scented spices and fabrics from China, Japan, the Philippines, and the Mediterranean.

Later, his historical studies led him to a fuller knowledge of the nations of the world, their policies and peoples.

At the end of four years in the Senate he was appointed upon the Committee on Foreign Affairs, where his colleagues found him so conversant with the sub-

jects before them that he became the most influential member, even more so than the Chairman, Senator Cullom, who was his senior by many years.

One of the most common criticisms of Senator Lodge's career has been that he was insular in his conception of our national life and duty, and that he had no appreciation of the unification of the world through the closer relations of nations created by rapid transit and mutual information.

In fact a very large part of his public career was given to these very interests. Months and years he devoted to the sympathetic study of other peoples, to friendly conversations with their diplomats, and to the informal smoothing-out of many misunderstandings. His insistent question was: 'How can I so do my part in public life as to enable the United States, growing as she is and a

world power as she will be, to do her full duty by herself and the peoples of the world?' There was never a doubt in his mind that she should do both. The vital question was, not whether she should do it, but how she should do it. And herein is the essential difference of opinion between the citizens of the country now as to our relations to other nations. How will this Nation best do her duty by other nations? With this in mind, he framed or had a hand in presenting to the Senate and urging the passage of scores of friendly treaties; for he, like all statesmen and diplomats, realized how frequently misunderstandings and wars arise from lack of clearness of statement and of the knowledge of the rights of the respective nations.

Two families may live beside each other in friendly comradeship so long as the fence between them is on a clearly under-

stood line; but once let the question arise as to whether the fence is a foot on one side or the other of the neighbor's estate, and the possibilities of quarrels are endless.

We Americans think kindly of other peoples and assume that all nations are sensitive and just and would not take undue advantage of their questioned rights or of their power. Statesmen know that nations differ from each other as do individuals, and that the best and most just are under obligations to press every claim that they believe is right, to demand every foot of land that they think is theirs.

Hence, Senator Lodge was for a generation a target of many of his fellow citizens, who assumed that he enjoyed twisting the British lion's tail and opposing close relations with foreign nations.

Senator Lodge stood definitely through-

out his life for what has been called the 'American policy' in relation to foreign nations. That policy was marked out by Washington and Jefferson and has continued to this day. At the close of the Revolution, these two great leaders, who brought this country to independence, were clear that for the sake of mutual understanding and future peace clear notice should be given to the world as to the attitude of this country toward other nations. We are in the habit of referring to Washington's 'Farewell Address.' As few of us, however, remember exactly what he said, I quote:

> The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.
>
> Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation.

Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off... when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own stand to go upon a foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

Jefferson, too, in response to a request for his opinion from President Monroe, wrote:

Our first and fundamental maxim should be

never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cisatlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should therefore have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe.

In 1823 President Monroe sent a message to Congress embodying what is now known as 'The Monroe Doctrine,' the principle of which 'was the necessary corollary of Washington's neutrality policy, and covered three points. First, no more European colonies on these continents; second, no extension of the European political system to any portion of this hemisphere; third, no European interposition in the affairs of Spanish-American republics.'

This doctrine was reiterated in 1845 by President Polk, and has been adhered to ever since as the policy of the United States.

This, then, was the fundamental principle in Senator Lodge's consideration of the relation of the United States with foreign nations. We, lying between two great oceans and of vast extent, wealth, and power, with unique history, traditions, and ideals, will, if we are to do our best work for the world, carry out our policies in our own way and thus hold fast to our ideals. If, instead of harking back to Colonial days when we were a dependency of a great power, and thereby involved in the embroilments of foreign nations, we follow with confidence and consistency our own leadings and policies, we shall, while standing firm in our own integrity, make our greatest contribution to the understanding, peace, and welfare of the nations.

From 1823 on for more than half a century this country was busy with its own affairs, clearing the forests, settling

the West, uniting East and West and North and South with railroad systems, and thinking little of foreign nations. Other nations, too, had their interests, and thought comparatively little of us. To be sure, when we were in a tight place in the Civil War, England allowed armed vessels of the Confederacy to sail from her ports to destroy our merchantships; and what was even more ominous, France and Austria combined in setting up Maximilian as a ruler in Mexico, thus establishing in this continent a foreign nation. Our hands were so full of trouble through the war that the country had to be content with protest, but later, when our hands were free, Mexico was also freed from the foreign invader and Maximilian was court-martialled and condemned to death.

Thus we lived peacefully on, oblivious of the fact that with the development of

commerce and of rapid transit, and the increase of population, European nations were seeking outlets for their population and their commerce. Our busy people assumed that Germany was living contentedly in the centre of Europe; that England was carrying on her ocean trade without thought of aggrandizement; and that the world might go on thus indefinitely, when, on the 17th of December, 1895, the whole country was ablaze with excitement; for President Cleveland, a Democratic President, with his Secretary of State, Richard Olney, had sent to Congress a message about Great Britain, so frank — and many thought brutal — as to bring us to the brink of war. Values in the stock market fell with a crash, and all peace-loving, English-loving people arose in wrath against the Administration, ignorant of the real issue, which was this:

For many years the boundaries be-

tween British Guiana and Venezuela near the Orinoco River had been in dispute. England quietly but persistently pressed her claim. The Venezuelans protested and laid their case again and again before the authorities at Washington. The President had called the attention of Great Britain to the American policy as expressed in the Monroe Doctrine; and insisted that as we had an interest in the protection of this whole hemisphere against foreign aggrandizement, we asked for arbitration of the question. Still England persisted in her aggressive policy until one day the President sent a message to Congress that, inasmuch as England had declined arbitration, the United States would take upon itself the responsibility of marking out the boundary. He asked for a commission and an appropriation of $100,000 for its cost, and closed with these momentous words:

When such report is made and accepted, it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which after investigation we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela.

In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow.

I am, nevertheless, firm in my conviction that, while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two great English-speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march of civilization and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor, beneath which are shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness.

While the people of the country were still shouting in a panic against the President and Mr. Olney and their warlike attitude, Congress with unanimity, Re-

publicans and Democrats, supported the President; and toward this unanimous conclusion Senator Lodge by his eloquent exposition of the case in all its details, of which as usual he was master, contributed a large part.

It was curious to note how, after many years of peace and a neglect of international relations, the country jumped in a panic at the rumor of war. Happening to be in Washington at the time, and staying with a friend who had publicly insinuated that President Cleveland was a fomenter of war, I was informed by Mr. Olney, who was my close friend, that, although President and Mrs. Cleveland would be glad to receive Mrs. Lawrence and myself at their usual reception, they would be unable to have us at supper later, for it was impossible for them to invite our host. They withdrew other invitations to the White House for the same reason.

Meeting Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, a stalwart Republican, I asked him what he thought of the action of the Democratic President. He answered quickly, 'Why, of course I am behind him. England is not going to fight. John Bull goes blundering about the world with mighty strength, oblivious of the fact that other weaker people are in his way; but if once in a while you hit John Bull a blow between the eyes, he wakes up and realizes that you are there. He then begins to think, and is ready to talk.'

It is an interesting illustration of Senator Hawley's point of view that, after the Venezuela affair had blown over and the boundary line had been determined by arbitration, as the United States had insisted, the Marquis of Salisbury sent to Mr. Olney a photograph of himself with his autograph, in recognition of the fact that Mr. Olney had stood up for his own

country with decision and force. He thus expressed his regard for a strong and fair fighter — a regard which Mr. Olney reciprocated for the Prime Minister who was at the same time Foreign Secretary of Her Majesty's Government.

Senator Lodge's first interest in international relations was not to gain an advantage, but to have the issue clearly and finally determined. With this spirit, he had a hand in the settlement of the relative claims of England and the United States in the seal fisheries of Alaska, as certain other questions of New England and the fisheries of the Northwest had been settled years before by the Treaty of Washington. With like motive, also, he, with Secretary Root under President Roosevelt, were members of a mixed commission which in London in 1903 defined the Alaska boundary; for with the increasing power of the United States,

her multiplying wealth, and her growing world responsibility, it was essential that, before other issues arose, these old disputes be finally settled. It was fortunate, for conditions were bringing the United States and Spain nearer and nearer to collision.

One important and very difficult problem had, however, to be met. The Hawaiian Islands, wherein the American settlers had gradually gained control over the native Hawaiians, the Queen, and the English, finding the situation impossible for business or living, appealed to the United States for support and indeed urged the annexation of the Islands.

From the conflicting statements and discussions into which party politics entered, there evolved the situation that, unless this country annexed and took possession of Hawaii, there would be danger to our very existence, for it was

the key of the control of the Pacific, and once in the power of any other nation could be used as a naval centre against the United States. England, which had citizens, business, and other interests in Hawaii, and which of course expressed and had the friendliest feelings toward this country, was with her usual foresight and power picking up island after island in the Pacific. We as a people knew nothing of this. Senator Lodge, however, who was always alert and foresighted in international relations, showed the Senate that Great Britain had within eight years acquired possession of over fifty islands or groups of islands of the Pacific, which he named, and was gradually pressing her Navy and fortifications over the ocean.

In a speech of January 22, 1895, the Senator, who never lacked in clearness of statement, said:

It is a part of the conquering and aggressive policy of England. I am the last to find fault with her. I believe she is wise in doing so. My criticism is that we do not exhibit the same spirit, the true spirit of our race, in protecting American interests and advancing them everywhere and at all times. I do not mean that we should enter upon a widely extended system of colonization. That is not our line. But I do mean that we should take all outlying territory necessary to our own defence, to the protection of the Isthmian Canal, to the upbuilding of our trade and commerce, and to the maintenance of our military safety everywhere. I would take and hold the outworks, as we now hold the citadel, of American power.

Faced by such experiences, it was natural that Senator Lodge took satisfaction in having, as a member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs five years before, helped to pass the Act which gave this country its first battleships, the Indiana, the Massachusetts, and the famous Oregon. 'I have striven,' he said, 'in season and out of season, to build up and

strengthen the American Navy, because, until international disarmament can be brought to pass, I see in a powerful Navy the one great assurance of the peace of the United States.'

In the summer of 1898 Congress acceded to the wishes of the Hawaiian Government and annexed the Islands by means of a resolution, as had formerly been done in the case of Texas.

It was natural, therefore, when the mismanagement of Cuba by Spain, her cruel suppression of frequent revolutions, together with the diseases, moral and physical, so close to our own country, became more and more clear, that Senator Lodge should have joined with others in questioning whether this country did not have a responsibility, for her own sake as well as that of a distressed people, to intervene.

While the discussion was going on, the

destruction of the Maine aroused such popular anger as to make action seem necessary, and when after investigation it became clear that the Maine was destroyed by the apparent connivance of those in authority, the question of immediate action arose. The most trusted leaders were divided in opinion. President McKinley, Senator Hoar, and Secretary Long of the Navy urged delay, while Mr. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, joined with Senator Lodge and the majority of the Senate in pressing for drastic action.

In April, 1898, the Senate, in response to a message from President McKinley, considered the subject of the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the Government of Spain withdraw its forces from the Islands, and directing the President of the United States to use the land and naval forces of

the United States to carry the resolution into effect.

The speech of Senator Lodge upon 'Intervention in Cuba' is so characteristic of his eloquence and his principles that I quote at some length:

> The President has submitted this momentous question to the Congress of the United States. . . .
>
> When a President of the United States says to Congress, as President McKinley has said, that he can go no further with diplomacy in a controversy with a foreign nation, and remits that question to the Congress of the United States, he invites them to use the only weapon they possess. . . . All that we can do is to exercise the one great power of peace or war. The President has asked us to exert that power, and in a certain way. He has invited us to exercise it by clothing him with the power to intervene by force of arms in order to produce certain results. . . .
>
> I am against a declaration of war, but I favor giving the President power to intervene. I am against recognizing the Government of the insurgent republic because the President of the United States, in his high responsibility, has advised Congress strongly against it. . . .
>
> When we authorize the President to inter-

vene and use the Army and Navy of the United States, whether we do it in the language of the message, or in the language of the House of Representatives, or in the language of the Senate resolution, we create a state of war. . . .

Mr. President, we are not in this crisis by an accident. We have not been brought here by chance or by clamorous politicians or by yellow journals. We are face to face with Spain to-day in the fulfilment of a great movement which has run through the centuries. Out of the war which Spain wages, and the manner in which she wages it, have come starvation and the destruction of the Maine. They come out of Spanish misgovernment and Spanish corruption. That corruption is not of yesterday. It is very, very old. It has cost Spain all her continental colonies. It existed two hundred years ago. You can see it all portrayed in that beautiful picture of character and manners which Le Sage drew in the history of Gil Blas of Santillane. Spain was corrupt then; it was misgoverned then; and out of it has come to-day the Cuban war. . . .

In our veins runs the blood of Holland and the blood of England. If after all the centuries it comes to us, much as we pray to avert it, to meet Spain face to face in war, it is because we are there in obedience to a greater movement than any man can hope to control. We are there because we represent the spirit of liberty

and the spirit of the new time, and Spain is over against us because she is mediæval, cruel, dying. We are not there by chance. We are there because we stand now for just the same principles for which the men stood who followed William the Silent and sailed with Drake; and if this terrible thing — this awful curse of war — must come upon us, then we can only repeat with Lincoln the words of the second inaugural, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' . . .

There are some things, Mr. President, horrible as war is, worse than war and better than money. A nation's honor is one thing, and her duty to humanity is another.

They say that they are not our own people. They are just outside the walls of the house we call our own. Ah, Mr. President, when they say to me, 'Are you your brother's keeper,' I respond, 'Yes; we are the keeper of those people in Cuba,' for we announced fifty years ago to the whole world that the Cuban question was an American question. We drew a ring fence around that island, and we told the people of the earth that no one should interfere there except ourselves. Here we stand, shutting out every other nation and allowing Spain to butcher those people after her own fashion. There is a great responsibility. We cannot escape it, and if we fail to meet it we shall pay the awful price of our failure, as nations always do.

The sentiment of the American people in my judgment is for peace. . . . The sentiment of my own State and my own people is for peace. If they cannot have peace with honor, then they will meet war in a brave and noble spirit, as Massachusetts always has met her trials, from Concord to Baltimore. . . .

If war must be — and I hope and pray that it may yet be avoided — no nation ever went to war on higher grounds or from nobler or more disinterested motives. War is here, if it is here, by the act of Spain. We have grasped no man's territory. We have taken no man's property. We have invaded no man's rights. We do not ask their lands. We do not ask their money. We ask peace in that unhappy island — peace and freedom, not for ourselves, but for others. It is an unselfish, a pure, a noble demand; and if war does come, then, Mr. President, we do not fear to meet it. We will meet it so that the curse of Spain shall never rest again on any part of the Western Hemisphere. . . .

Mr. President, we cannot take money for the dead men of the Maine. There is only one reparation. There is only one monument to raise over that grave, and that is free Cuba and peace in that island.

War was declared, and Senator Lodge did his part, both as Senator and as the

friend and adviser of Colonel Roosevelt of the Rough Riders, throughout the awful stress and the mismanagement by the War Department of the Cuban campaign.

After the war, Senator Lodge supported the Administration, its settlements with Spain, the taking of Porto Rico, the purchase of the Philippines, which, because of its supposed imperialistic policy, brought about his head and that of President McKinley and others the malediction of masses of citizens. He also was a strong and sympathetic supporter of the Administration in the return of Cuba to its own people after it had been cleaned up and yellow fever stamped out, and its Government organized by General Wood and his staff.

He was an outspoken advocate of the renunciation of all claim to the Isle of Pines by the United States. As Chairman

of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, he had in charge the treaty to that effect, and he would have rejoiced if it had been permitted to him to cast his vote for this act of justice on March 13, 1925.

As Chairman of the Committee on the administration of the Philippines, he gave himself with the utmost devotion and patience toward the work of setting up a form of government and its administration — a type of the irksome duty which conscientious public men carry through unrecognized.

CHAPTER V

A FRIENDSHIP

In the heart of this little book I want to record the story of a friendship.

Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt knew each other slightly when they entered the fight for the nomination of Senator Edmunds against Senator Blaine in the Republican Convention of 1884.

These two young and untried politicians must have been in conference the day before and have discovered that the National Convention had fixed upon a Blaine man for the temporary Chairman: it is probable that they also realized that the colored vote was in doubt. Hence, upon the call for nomination of a temporary Chairman, to the surprise of the Convention, young Lodge rose and nominated ex-Congressman J. R. Lynch, of Missis-

sippi, a colored man, and the boyish figure of young Roosevelt, of New York, twenty-five years of age, leaped to the front of the platform and seconded the nomination, pressing the point that the self-respect of the Convention demanded that it, and not the National Committee, should decide who was to be temporary Chairman.

They won this first skirmish, but lost all else. Blaine was nominated, and the friendship of these two was welded in the common disaster; for a disaster to their political career it seemed to be. Roosevelt, sure that he would never be wanted again, went out to his Dakota ranch. Lodge went home and accepted a nomination for the Legislature on the Blaine ticket against the advice of Roosevelt, who was, however, confident of Cabot's future career, writing him at the time, 'I do not know a man in the country whose future I regard so promising as

yours.' By their support of the Party with Blaine as leader, they had forfeited the confidence of thousands of their friends, and tens of thousands of independent voters. They were, however, clear that whatever might come to them, they had done right; as Theodore in his effective but inexact way said, 'It is impossible to combine the functions of a guerrilla chief with those of a Colonel in the Regular Army.' So they became regulars.

There is something most striking and winning, and in view of the result, almost romantic, in the mutual confidence and the single-heartedness of these two men. They were patriots, they were ambitious — ambitious for office, as their letters and actions show, for office that they might put their talents at work for their country: and of course they took satisfaction and pride in their power when they gained them. What healthy man does not?

When, however, we recall the work that those men did for this Nation we wonder at the almost natural way in which they forged to the front, each helping the other, not first for friendship's sake, but being friends they knew the qualifications which were at hand for national service.

Theodore's ambitions were well known to Cabot, as they were to his nearest friends. 'I would like above all things to go into politics.' But the path was not as open to him then in the great State of New York as it had been to Cabot with his smaller constituency; so Cabot, being in the lead, officially, would introduce his friend. 'I am not a suppliant,' Roosevelt wrote in 1896. 'I think I would do honorable work as Assistant Secretary. If I am not offered it, then I shall try and do honorable work here as long as I can, and then I shall turn to any work that comes up.'

Later, in 1900, he wrote to Cabot, 'You got me the chance to be Civil Service Commissioner and Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and it was by your advice that I went into the Police Department.'

During these years, however, Theodore was doing much for Cabot. A mutual friend of theirs has divided men into two general groups, observers and doers. To the first Cabot belonged; to the second, Theodore. Cabot's attitude toward life was primarily that of a scholar: he looked at life, men, and action from the outside. When working at the language of a treaty, he thought of it as a document and did not allow his mind to wander far into the country, habits, and religions of the people on the other side of the treaty. Roosevelt allowed others to formulate the language, while he jumped into the facts, the results, and the people with whom we were treating. When the

two men stood side by side in a receiving line, the knowing ones would watch them and note the almost forced smile with which Cabot greeted the shoemakers and farmers, shaking hands as warmly as his rather fastidious taste would allow him, and doing his best to brighten the occasion by a formal word or a shaft of wit: Theodore, beaming all over, would step forward, greet each stranger as a long-lost friend, and lead every man, woman, and child to think that he was the one whom the President would remember.

Deeper than this, Theodore, by his wonderfully human disposition, his enthusiasm and ability to throw himself into the interests of others, was steadily humanizing, warming, and enlarging Cabot's sympathies. There was an aloofness of manner, and an occasional asperity of voice in public speech in Lodge's make-up which had no place in Roosevelt's.

Lodge's language, too, being more exact, was more biting; while Roosevelt's, being so explosive, inexact, and superlative, had always a bit of the burlesque and humor in it. When, for instance, one of them writes, 'If I get an opportunity, I am going to sail into the Mugwumps with a sword dipped in vitriol this year — I hate hypocrites,' we would ask which of the two said it before assaying its force or its effect on others.

In what a great drama of life they had part, the guiding and leading this Nation in the generation of her rising primacy! How commonplace and business-like is this scene on one Saturday afternoon, the 25th of February, 1898, in the office of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Roosevelt, and yet how full of significance! He was Acting Secretary during a short absence of his chief, Secretary Long, and was, with Admiral Crownin-

shield, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and Cabot Lodge, framing a telegram which being sent ran thus:

Dewey, Hong Kong.

Order the squadron except the Monocacy to Hong Kong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war Spain, your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in the Philippine Islands. Keep Olympia until further orders.

Roosevelt

That was sixty-four days before Dewey in Manila Harbor upset the balance of the Old World. Had it not been sent then, who knows what would have been the result? Roosevelt and Lodge were always advocates of preparedness.

Some months before the war with Spain, Assistant Secretary Roosevelt had told President McKinley, as they were taking a drive, that, if war began, he would go; at which the President asked him what Mrs. Roosevelt would think of it. He

answered that both Cabot and Mrs. Roosevelt would regret it, but this was one case where he would consult neither.

War was now imminent, and the Rough Riders on the horizon. One evening the Lodges had Theodore and his two sisters with their husbands, Douglas Robinson and Admiral Cowles, with a few friends, to dinner, and the question of Theodore's going to the front was raised. They pressed him hard to stay in Washington, telling him of his great opportunity as Assistant Secretary of the Navy; that he had immediate knowledge and touch which no one else could gain; they urged upon him especially his duty to his wife, who was, I think, ill at the time, and young children; for, knowing him, they were sure that he would, if he could, go promptly to the point of greatest danger.

After he had parried them again and again with answers, he suddenly leaped

from his chair and, standing in the centre of the circle, said: 'I know that what you say is true: I have a great chance in handling the Navy. I hate to think of leaving Edith and the children, but I am going to the war. I believe in this war: it is a righteous war: I have done my part in bringing the country up to the point and have led other men, men with wives and children, to enlist: I should count myself a craven coward, a traitor and a knave, if I should let them go while I stay safe behind. I am going.' And with Mrs. Roosevelt's consent he went.

Cabot was ready to do his duty always: but what a stimulus it was to him to have such a character by him for thirty years! How natural it was for them to join in writing 'Hero Tales from American History!' Soon after this, Cabot wrote Theodore: 'I am glad that I have known you long and loved you well and that you

are a person of loyal disposition; for you are rushing so rapidly to the front that the day is not far distant when you will come into a large kingdom.'

A few years later, when Roosevelt was Governor of New York, Cabot began to press him to prepare for his nomination as Vice-President, thinking that the way would open to the Presidency after McKinley's second term. This was a course which Roosevelt's family and friends could not understand. Platt and Theodore's New York enemies wanted, of course, to get him out of New York; but why move so soon? Why not let the circumstances months hence settle the question? No Vice-President had been elected President for sixty years: the inactivity of the duties repelled him. Mrs. Roosevelt did not approve, and Theodore told Cabot again and again that he would not consider it, did not want it, and would

take no steps toward it. Over a year passed, and the Philadelphia Convention of 1900 met. Theodore was there: he was Governor of New York, and it had been agreed that he should not be nominated for the Vice-Presidency: but the pressure for him was great. Wise politicians who had given their pledges to Roosevelt against his nomination were fearful that there would be a break for him. And now, as in 1884, Cabot and Theodore were together on the platform. Cabot was the Chairman of the Convention, and Theodore stepped forward amidst a storm of cheers to nominate President McKinley for a second term.

Upon the manner of his speech depended not only the unanimity of McKinley's nomination, but his own future. Cabot in anxiety dropped his head into his hands and listened in agony. Then Theodore heard the suppressed words,

'You are doing splendidly.' And within a few hours the floodgates of acclaim for Roosevelt as Vice-President broke loose, and in spite of himself he was nominated.

How quickly Cabot, knowing Theodore's impetuous nature and his unconscious habit of talking about himself, warned him to put McKinley to the front in the campaign, and thus assure the people of his full loyalty to him! Would Theodore have been what he was without the wise counsel and the self-restraint of Cabot? How wisely he advised him when in Africa and Europe to say nothing, literally nothing, of the political situation at home until his return!

At every one of Cabot's elections, Theodore refused to go to bed until he was sure that Cabot had won. It was no wonder that he wrote to Cabot in 1900: 'You are the only man whom in all my life I have met who has repeatedly and

in every way done for me what I could not do for myself and nobody else could do.'

Immediately on his return to Sagamore Hill after his years at the White House, he wrote: 'I have never had and never again shall have friends like you and Nannie: but when the inevitable comes, it must be faced with a high head and steady heart. On Sunday Edith and I thought of our ride with you.'

As Theodore started for Africa, Cabot wrote him, 'Do you realize that in twenty-five years I have never been without seeing or hearing of you for more than a few days at a time?'

The story of this friendship is bound up in the lives of two others, Mrs. Lodge and Mrs. Roosevelt, both women of exceptional ability, charm and poise. They were ladies born, of culture, wide reading, judgment, common-sense, and self-

restraint. Each counted it her high privilege and joy to stand beside and behind her husband, supporting, equipping, and comforting him. Mrs. Lodge, because of her husband's temperament and her own, entered definitely into his plans, guided his thought, corrected his writings and speeches, and was almost inseparable from him. 'Have you told Mrs. Lodge of this?' said a friend in talking of some important action. Cabot looked at him with some surprise and pity at his ignorance, and said, 'Why, I tell Nannie everything.' Mrs. Roosevelt's influence was, because of her husband's temperament, more subtle, subdued, and general: a look, a word at the right time, an earnest talking-out of the problem, made her character felt; and every one in and about the White House realized her grace and force.

When, therefore, Theodore, writing from Europe and then returning home,

revealed that he had been drawing apart from Cabot and the Republican Party in his political beliefs, and in his Osawatomie and Columbus speeches, in 1911 stood for the Initiative and the Referendum and the Recall of Judicial Decisions, and then 'threw his hat into the ring,' Cabot wrote him, 'I never thought that any situation could arise which would make me so miserably unhappy as I have been during the past weeks.' And both assumed that of course no political differences would affect their friendship. They never did. At the opening of the Bull Moose Campaign, Cabot issued a statement, 'Colonel Roosevelt and I for thirty years and wholly apart from politics, have been close and intimate friends. I must continue to oppose the policies which he urged at Columbus, but I cannot personally oppose him who has been my life-long friend, and for this reason I take

no part in the campaign for the presidential nomination.'

Each friend had for the other such complete confidence in his high motive, integrity of purpose, and love of country that throughout those agonizing months of the campaign, and later when they drifted back toward each other politically, the bonds of friendship with all four were not loosened for a moment.

The Nation is the richer for such a loyal friendship on the part of two great Americans and of unbroken affection between two outstanding homes.

CHAPTER VI

PERSONAL

While I have been writing this little book, I have asked people of all sorts, friends and critics of Senator Lodge, what they thought of him, and have been keenly interested in the answers. The first man whom I questioned is a friend of mine, of fine moral sense who was crippled in service in the Civil War. 'I have met Senator Lodge only a few times,' he said, 'but have followed his career closely for thirty years, and I think that he is the greatest Senator Massachusetts ever had, greater than Webster or Sumner.' Another friend said, 'I believe that Cabot Lodge was an ambitious, self-seeking politician, rarely doing anything or saying anything except for his own advantage.'

Between these two extremes of white

and black were every shade of gray: and rarely two of the same shade. Cabot was evidently a man of marked characteristics. Instead of attaching adjectives to his name, I have tried in other chapters to reveal his character through his deeds and words.

There is, however, one charge that must be met. He has sometimes been called politically untrustworthy, willing for his own advancement to vote against his promises or convictions. When in Washington a month ago, I said to one of the leading Senators, a friend, to be sure, of Cabot, 'What do you think was the one characteristic in Senator Lodge which made him the force that he was in the Senate during the last twenty-five years?' His answer was immediate. 'Senator Lodge's strength in the Senate was in his character: he stood for truth: there were times when he suppressed his full

expression, but he never distorted or said what he did not believe. Hence his courage and at times apparent disdain of others' opinions. He was disliked by some opponents, not because he ever misinterpreted them, but because in debate he slashed and cut them through in open battle. He was so quick and strong that they often had no answer to give back: they were dumb, not because he was unfair, but because he beat them in a stand-up fight; and some men do not forget that. Senators know that he was straight.'

Going to New York, another friend to whom I gave this report, said: 'I know better. I can name men in high station in Washington, trustworthy, who have given instances when Senator Lodge has gone back on his word.'

Determined to go to him whom I esteem the best and highest authority, I told these things to Mr. Elihu Root, who said:

'Bishop, similar things can be said and are said of any forceful man in public life in this country, and may be repeated a hundred or a thousand times. They were said of Washington. A man who goes into public life must expect these charges, and we should learn not to believe them, but to assay the man and his career as a whole. You ask me about Cabot Lodge. I was intimate with him for years. When we were both in the Senate we always walked home together from the Capitol. For years he, Roosevelt and I scoured the parks and country on both sides of the Potomac on horseback talking over everything on the face of the earth and meeting each other's arguments. He came to me again and again for advice, as I did to him. He was not afraid to change his mind when there was need for it, nor afraid to say that he had. To answer your question, however, Cabot was a man of

absolute fidelity. I know no one whose word I would accept with greater confidence: absolute. He knew the value of words, and men might sometimes have assumed more than his words conveyed. He was a man of absolute sincerity.'

Those of us who knew him intimately might say that such an answer could be assumed of Cabot Lodge: but before suggesting other personal characteristics, I wanted to make clear this foundation rock.

During a session of the Senate, Senator Lodge concentrated thought and time upon its work. The mornings usually found him at his office in the Capitol, which in his later years was that of the Foreign Relations Committee, or in committee meetings. At the latter he was prompt and alert, listened faithfully, talked with directness and a desire to get at results. No problem was too hard or

intricate for him to at least attempt to solve; and when a Senator is bombarded by thousands of telegrams and letters within a week, sometimes bringing very heavy pressure toward one side of a question, a steady head and an honest heart are demanded. Men of strong fibre in the home State Legislature often bend like reeds under the pressure of national issues.

At his office he was invariably courteous. This is not an easy attitude to sustain toward persistent office-seekers, dull or self-interested constituents, and that large class of Americans who assume that a public man's chief business is to grant personal favors. His desk was kept clear of mail by the remarkable promptness of his answers. What was of especial note was the personal thought, care, and time that he would give to pathetic cases which came before him. Again and again I have known him to follow up the intricate

record of some immigrant from Russia or India who was held at San Francisco or New York. Interested as I have been for forty years in improving the conditions and standards of Army and Navy chaplains, I could always depend on him to follow the bill through its devious paths.

He was, however, at his best while standing at his desk in the Senate Chamber. Perhaps the finest work that he did for the country year after year was by his example as a senatorial speaker and debater in discrediting talk for talk's sake, and in bringing to every question dignity and simplicity. To quote Mr. Root again 'His great contribution in the Senate was his background of history and culture. He was the educator of the Senate away from bombast or pretence towards reality and forceful expression. He had great influence in that way. Senators heard him, felt the force and uncon-

sciously or consciously changed their form of expression. He was the only man in public life at that time who in his speech had style.' He rose to speak as informally as in his library: his concise language and crisp voice held attention, while the clarity of his thought carried the Senators along with him. He did not hesitate to hold the Senate as long as he wished, for he never wished to speak after he was through with his subject. His mastery of the greater subjects, even to the least detail, was such that his hearers could not fail to follow his argument. Opposition to him kindled the forces of his brain and heated his blood. Hence he was most powerful before a bold antagonist: at times he was roused to anger when his hatred of injustice or apparent disloyalty touched him. And there were occasions when, in response to a taunt or a vicious thrust, he, with his reserve of experience,

knowledge, and brilliant mind, would, as the Senator said, strike his opponent dumb with one slash.

Hence, while he had a small circle of Senators who had an affection for him, many who admired him, others who feared him, there were those who from time to time were bitter against him. Most Senators recognized his superiority to them in culture and tradition: it did not ingratiate them that he seemed to agree with their estimate of himself.

He was often the recognized spokesman for the White House, especially for Presidents Roosevelt, McKinley, and Harding; but he never hesitated when he was convinced of his position to oppose the wishes or bills of the Administration.

People speak as if his opposition to the Treaty of Peace and League of Nations was exceptional and due to personal hostility to President Wilson. Senator Lodge

was always firm in his conception of the duty of the Senate to think out independently the questions before it, and so act. When President Roosevelt sent to the Senate a bunch of seven treaties providing for reference to the Hague Conference, over which his great friend John Hay, Secretary of State, had worked for months, Senator Lodge led in making such amendments that the President refused to accept them: and to quote President Roosevelt, John Hay was 'disheartened and completely discouraged at the result.' He opposed in a bitter fight President Roosevelt's bill to give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix railroad rates. And in the matter of the fortification of the Panama Canal, he voted against the plan of President Roosevelt, and a few years later, under changed conditions, reversed his vote and supported President Wilson's plan.

There were times, too, when he upheld the rights and power of the Executive as against encroachments threatened by the Senate.

Most public men in this country feel bound to open their whole life, their family, and their home, to the gaze of all people. In the earlier years of his Washington life, Senator and Mrs. Lodge gave much time to the social life. Here as in Boston they gathered around their table the men and women who were prominent in the literary and political world. There was many a heartburn because few were asked around the board, but the company was exceptional and an intellectual stimulus to a young couple starting off in public life; but as years went on, they found it difficult to make new friends in the perpetual changes in Washington society, and in their own home they entertained their more intimate friends: and

later Cabot found greater pleasure in the quiet of his library.

He was a conversationalist of what might be called the old school; sometimes given to quick repartee and flashing wit, but more often enjoying long talk. The Senate may have been all excitement during the afternoon, and the newspaper headlines throughout the country may have been lurid with the story of a clash in the Senate and the collision of Senator Lodge with others. When on that same evening he walked into his house on Massachusetts Avenue, he entered another world. During and after dinner the table-talk of his few guests was of literature, history, and memories of other days in Washington. When a subject was once started and had been tossed from one to another, Cabot and perhaps one guest carried it along for an hour in a delightful dialogue, with references to

books, quotations in prose or poetry, and comparisons of authors and centuries. Theodore Roosevelt was so packed full of knowledge, books, experiences, and memories, that he swept over, swamped, or dazed one into silence or wonder at the wealth of the man's mind. Cabot's talk had more sequence, deliberation, and grace.

Some people have called him a skilful and successful politician: others, just as intimate and intelligent, deny this. The answer rests largely on one's definition of a politician. If a politician is one who is naturally so interested in men, be they farmers, workingmen, business men, or lawyers, that he stands on even ground with them, and, taking each one by the buttonhole, blends his party appeal with their daily interests and melts them into loyalty to his cause, Cabot Lodge was not a politician.

His attitude of mind and habit was that of an historian and a scholar. He was by tradition and upbringing an observer rather than a doer. Whatever political work he did was to him a part of the business. His real interest was in the larger questions of policy and statesmanship. The average man was not easily at one with him. They could approach each other, agree in opinion and work in the same party or caucus together, but they did not blend into each other. Hence his strongest political leadership was by moving the mass. When hundreds of young, enthusiastic, patriotic Republicans heard Senator Lodge speak at a rally or at one of those great Tremont Temple Conventions, they stood, cheered, and threw up their hats. When he thrust his rapier through some crack in the Democratic armor, and struck the note of country and victory, they shouted, crowded

around him, and shook hands. To them he was a big man, a fighter, their leader. And older men, their wives and children, were all proud of him. When they passed him on the street, spoke to him, or touched their hats, they found him gracious, simple, democratic. He had seemed to them superior, aloof; but they discovered him to be one of them with a kindly, affectionate nature.

He was a party man — sometimes a partisan man. With what exhilaration and satisfaction he as Chairman of a National Republican Convention in Chicago would send such a sentiment as this hurtling over the heads of the delegates and into the midst of the packed galleries: 'In the coming campaign I see the historic alignment of the two great parties. On the one side the Democratic Party standing for slavery, secession; repudiation of the public debt; fiat money; free trade;

free silver; the overthrow of the courts and government ownership. On the other side the Republican Party: free soil; free men; the Union; payment of the debt; honest money; protection of American industry; the gold standard; maintenance of law, of order, and of the courts, and government regulation of great corporations.' The people shouted.

He took the greatest pleasure on the evening of election day in reading from the ticker at Republican Headquarters the election returns to the loyal workers, and, if favorable, listening to their cheers. While in his own party he worked with men whom he disliked or distrusted, he could not easily forget political differences in social life. When men naturally of his social group persistently opposed or distrusted him, as he felt through prejudice or wilful ignorance, he found it difficult to endure them.

His local affections were very strong. Massachusetts and Boston were the Commonwealth and city beloved. To Harvard, in spite of the estrangement of many of her officers and sons in his earlier public years, he was ever grateful and loyal; serving two more terms as Overseer, and also as President of the Alumni Association. At the dedication of the Widener Library, he gave an address of wonderful beauty, lore, and charm. He became President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, succeeding Charles Francis Adams.

Nahant was his home and refuge from the maelstrom of politics. Here he wrote, responding to the call of publishers for a volume of history or narrative. The village took pride in him as the Moderator of their Town Meetings, to preside at which he temporarily left the Senate. When the southwesterly air drew across

Massachusetts Bay by day, he revelled in it; and by night, the steady glow or the flash of Minot's Ledge, the Graves, and Egg Rock Lights sent his imagination out to the mariners and his memories back to his father's ships. Now and again the booming of the waves breaking on the cliffs in a northeaster turned him happily to his fireside, where he read and recited prose and verse.

I cannot resist quoting a paragraph from a meditation at Nahant describing the early days of his convalescence from his surgical operation in 1913:

> For the first days, lying chained to one position, it was enough to gaze through the window: to see the grassy slope climbing slowly among the gray ledges to the crest of the cliffs and then beyond that crest to behold the ocean floor and the far horizon-line. There was a peculiar joy in watching the darkness fade as the vault of heaven filled with gradual light while over all stole quietly the flush of dawn. Then the shadows appeared and shortened and disappeared; came again as the sun

passed the zenith, and slowly lengthened until swallowed up in the gathering night. And against the darkening sky, where the gazer all motionless had seen the dawn, there now sprang out the flashing light from the high tower on the low ledge hard by which marked the entrance to the city's harbor; while still beyond, far down on the horizon's edge, glittered another great light which from its sunken reef pointed out for those who had gone down to the sea in ships the way to safety and repose.

A few days passed and then came another room, another window, and another view. Here the ocean seemed to lie at one's feet; no distant horizon line but the coast on the other side of the broad bay curving away in a line as beautiful as the Apulian shore when we look at it from Taormina. The infinite aspect of the sea which, seen from the first window, knew no barriers until it washed the shores of Portugal, was gone. In its stead, in the place of the brooding peace of the unbounded ocean came the life and motion of the water chafing against the land. The great torches which beckon to the huge ships suddenly coming up out of the ocean wastes no longer shot sharply through the darkness and their place was taken by a quiet little light, burning with red steadfastness only to guide a few stray fishermen or small trading schooners as they made their way north and south, clinging to the

coast, which is normally their safety and at times, alas, their grave! The quiet red light had a calm, domestic air which seemed very soothing and comforting after the piercing flashes of the stern towers rising in lonely abruptness from the sea.

Few know how tender of heart he was, how grateful he was for a friendly note or a word of appreciation. I was not a close intimate like Sturgis Bigelow, but a lifelong friend. Such letters came to me as now lie upon my desk, from two or three of which I quote short extracts, simply to reveal a glimpse of his sentiment and affection.

My dear William:

Your letter of September 2nd has much more than gratified me. It has touched and moved me very deeply. You and I have been friends from the beginning of our lives and we share the memories of childhood, boyhood, and youth. To have you write to me such words of affectionate approval means more to me than I can adequately express and they are made all the more precious because you are so closely associated with the memory of

those whom I have loved best in life. But your letter is more than all this to me. It is a reward — a very high reward — for what I have tried to do in my public service. . . . We New Englanders are very slow to express to our friends in words what we do not hesitate to utter in regard to them in their absence and behind their backs. . . .

Ever since I learned at that late day that you had been so very ill, you have been much in my thoughts, and coming just at the time of Theodore's death it seemed to me as if it was rather more than I could bear. His death is a most terrible blow to me personally, and also I know you will agree with me in thinking it a great loss to the country just at this time. . . .

Nothing has given me more pleasure than your note of congratulations and approval. You were a tower of strength to me when this fight began and it seemed as if a great majority were against us, but discussion has done its work and the American people were thoroughly roused to the dangers involved in Mr. Wilson's League. The result goes beyond all imaginings and I think people voted in a very serious spirit, not understanding, perhaps, all the endless details of the League question, but with a very sound and clear idea as to the main points. I am very grateful to you now as always for your unvarying kindness to me. There is nothing that touches one quite so

much as words of praise from a lifelong and attached friend. . . .

I think we did some really fine work at the Disarmament Conference, and it demonstrated one thing which appeals to you and me alike — that is, that we could do more for the peace of the world and for the reduction of armaments by avoiding the entanglements and the alliances which Mr. Wilson's League involved. . . .

I am

Always affectionately yours

H. C. LODGE

While patiently waiting at Nahant last summer for his second operation, Cabot, hearing of the death of a childhood friend, wrote a letter with his own hand to another. I quote only a fraction of the letter, which suggests his marvellous memory even in physical weakness, and his friendliness.

The friendship never changed. Nothing lasts so well as the friendship beginning in childhood. The thought of those childhood friendships brings some old verses to my mind, not Hood's familiar 'I remember, I remember.' That I knew by heart from hearing my father

recite it. . . . The verses I had in mind when I began to ramble were not Hood, whose hero was a boy, but some similar lines by Praed, with a girl as heroine. I quote from memory, They are quite out of fashion now.

'I remember, I remember
How my childhood floated by,
The mists of its December,
The warmth of its July.

'I remember, I remember
How my little lovers came
With a lily or a cherry
Or some new invented game.

'Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
To sit beside me there,
But you are not half so true, love
As childhood's lovers were.'

Very Victorian, very safely sentimental, somewhat like Thomas Haynes Bayley, with a queer touch of cynicism (Victorian cynicism) in the last stanza, yet withal an imaginative thought of childhood.

You see how dangerous it is to start an old man on his memories. But you remember too; you know what I mean. Alas, when the memories gather, the ghosts rise and walk with them.

CHAPTER VII

WAR

In 1912, Mr. Wilson wrote to a friend, 'Roosevelt and Taft are busily engaged in splitting the Republican Party wide open — so that we may get in.' On the 4th of November of the same year, Mr. Wilson went in at the head of the party by 435 electoral votes against 88 for Roosevelt and 8 for Taft. It was a stupendous victory of the Democratic Party, and President-elect Wilson was the unquestioned standard-bearer.

The country knew him as a successful reform Governor of New Jersey for the past two years: before that as President of Princeton University. To be sure, he had had a dispute with the trustees upon a policy which, so far as the public knew, was democracy and progress in the uni-

versity against privilege and conservatism: the latter won according to the papers, and the President in resigning was lifted to the governorship of the State. There was a well-founded rumor that ex-President Cleveland, respected by the whole country for his rugged integrity, had been the first trustee to break with the President, not on grounds of policy, but because his word could not be trusted. Only a few thousand knew this, however: and misunderstandings with men of strong temper (and Mr. Cleveland had one) were always possible.

Governor Wilson made a great campaign. He was a real orator, having the ability, by his personality, charm, humor, thoughtful and emotional power, to draw men and women in an entirely legitimate way to support him. And in his election the Republican Party was thrown out of the game and put on the sidelines. They

stayed there, too, for the first four years of his administration in internal affairs — as, for instance, in the Federal Reserve Act — set the country forward.

The heritage of a lawless Mexico came to him, however; and in his handling of that situation were first revealed characteristics more clearly seen later. He was an idealist, a sincere proponent of good-will, with, however, 'a single track mind.' He expected to find a sympathetic response even in the murderous Mexican leaders, some of whom, taking advantage of his fine spirit, aroused his personal enmity against them. His real desire was to protect the Mexican people from what he believed to be the ruthless American exploitation of their rich resources, and to help the Mexicans set up a stable government. Hence his policy of 'watchful waiting' which was naturally interpreted by the Mexicans as a sign of weakness.

When, therefore, the President on January 6, 1915, asked Congress for funds with which to make up deficiencies caused largely by the Mexican troubles, Senator Lodge took occasion to tell the Senate and the country the story of the well-meaning but vacillating policy, showing how 'the strong arm and then the conciliating voice' had followed each other intermittently, and summed it up by saying that the policy 'combined with singular dexterity the evils of both and the advantages of neither. We did not stay out and we did not go in effectively.'

True to his principles that, in treating with foreign nations, Congress, regardless of party, should support the Administration, he closed:

I have no intention of doing otherwise than vote for this deficiency bill and for the others which are to follow. The Secretary of War has done his duty; but I cannot let this matter go by, Mr. President, without thus calling atten-

tion to what has happened in Mexico; without saying that, in my opinion, even in the midst of the dreadful disasters to humanity and civilization which are now filling Europe and the world, we should not forget what has taken place and is now going on in Mexico — a situation so bad that when the President of the United States delivered his annual message to Congress, the best way that he could deal with it was by complete silence.

Early in August, 1914, the World War broke out in all its fury: on the 20th of the same month the President issued his 'Proclamation of the Neutrality of the American People.' There followed, up to the time of our declaration of war against Germany, two and a half years of awful suspense: of agony for the President, the Congress, and the people. Looking back over those thirty-three long months, it seems almost beyond belief that one hundred million people, every one of whom had convictions, millions of whom had relatives and friends of their native

lands on the battlefield or under the sod on both sides of the lines, should have so far controlled themselves as to enable the daily life to go on.

The President, shutting himself in, as was his custom, from counsellors, thought the problems out, striking off the results on the typewriter at any hour of the night or early morning. With his idealistic temperament he shrank from the horrors of war, its angry strife, its fratricide and slaughter. Above all things he yearned to bring the nations together in peace. Even if he had pressed the country to enter the fight, it was a question whether the whole people were ready to respond: they certainly would not to any half-hearted challenge. A Roosevelt might have moved and led them after the Lusitania tragedy, but the President was of another mould. He labored on, expressing in some of his papers in a wonderful way

the deeper sentiments and aspirations of the world.

With a heart aching with suppressed anger and emotion, boiling with sympathy for the Allies, Senator Lodge sat in the Senate day after day, week after week, month after month, conscious of Belgium, of murder and rape, of the bombing of the innocent and the slaughter of tens of thousands of the youth of the Allies, fighting, as he believed, for the cause of liberty, our cause. Loyal, however, to his principles of supporting the Administration before foreign nations, he remained officially neutral and voted for bill after bill. Once in a while he felt it his duty to state his opinions. When the President stood for the right of the Nation to arm merchantmen and to export arms, he gave him strong backing. When a message came asking the Foreign Relations Committee to investigate certain losses

of American property, due to England's interference with our commerce, he asked that the investigation go further into the question of the rights of American lives.

His thought of the President in the White House typing his peace letters to Germany was mingled with the awful vision of the sinking of the Lusitania, as he said:

> Although I am as anxious as any one can be to care for our rights in trade, if they are violated, to me American lives are more important than American dollars. The body of an innocent child floating dead upon the water, the victim of the destruction of an unarmed vessel, is to me more poignant and a more tragic spectacle than an unsold bale of cotton. . . . I am not willing to fly into a passion over an interference with our trade and then allow American citizens to lose their lives and pass the murders by in frigid silence.

He pleaded outside the Senate for a stronger Army and Navy: 'With other democracies fighting for their lives, are

we to remain still and do nothing to preserve our own?' His indignation was hot at the awful neglect by the Administration and by those responsible for the condition of the Army and Navy revealed by the Committee on Military Affairs. Through this neglect, so clearly brought out again and again by Senator Lodge, Roosevelt, and thousands of high-minded citizens, this country lost hundreds of millions of dollars: and worse, far worse than that, our boys were sent across to France imperfectly trained and inadequately equipped at almost every point, especially in arms and aeroplanes, and many of them were therefore shot down. He pressed home upon the people 'Washington's policy of neutrality.'

The chief argument of the extreme pacifists is that a well-prepared national defence is an incentive to war. This Washington regarded as false. He puts his demand for preparedness on the ground that it will preserve

peace, and no man ever lived more anxious for the preservation of peace than George Washington. It was the cardinal point of his administration.

Recounting the long list of votes and speeches in which he had supported the President, he exclaimed:

The President of the United States has recently said that the Republican Party means to engage the country in war. . . . The Republican Party means to keep the peace if it can be honestly and rightly kept, but it does not mean to keep it by humiliation and the cowardly abandonment of American rights.

I have seen the steady effort to substitute words for things, language for action, phrases for deeds. The lines of a great poet, 'how ennobling thoughts depart,' have instantly recurred when I have heard the country told that it should be 'too proud to fight,' and the cry go forth that the President should be returned to power because 'he has kept the peace,' without regard to whether it is the blood-stained thing that is called peace in Mexico, or the peace of honor and righteousness, the only peace worth having, which this country has a right to demand. . . . The whole course of this Administration has tended to loosen the fibres of the American conscience.

In speaking upon 'The Peace Note' of the President on January 3, 1917, he pressed the point that it lay in the power of the President to undertake peace negotiations, but that Congress had no right to take part in them.

> The President is entrusted with the care of our foreign relations. Negotiations are in his hands. He is conducting them. When he needs our coöperation and assistance, he should lay before us all the facts which have guided him. But until that time comes, the Congress of the United States ought not to project itself into the field of negotiations, and thrust itself forward into the dangerous field of European politics.

In his speech upon the President's 'Plan for a World Peace,' he struck a somewhat facetious note upon the commonplaces of the President's style:

> Of course, we all agreed most heartily with the proposition that peace — just and righteous peace — is infinitely better than war: that virtue is better than vice: that, in Browning's words:

'It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.'

In all these declarations we must be cordially and thoroughly of one mind.

He asked what the President meant by the phrases, 'peace without victory,' 'the consent of the governed,' 'the freedom of the seas,' 'coöperation of the navies of the world,' 'great peoples now struggling toward a full development of its resources,' 'right of access to the sea should be confined to every great people.'

The President confines this important right to 'great peoples,' which does not seem to harmonize entirely with his earlier proposition that there must be no difference, recognized or implied, between those who are powerful and those who are weak. I have endeavored 'to uncover the realities,' and 'to avoid the soft concealments,' to which the President rightly objects. I do not find it easy to determine precisely what is meant by making the Monroe Doctrine the doctrine of the world.

Several years before the War, there had been floating in the minds of a great number of the American people the vision of a world which, composed of separate nations and forming themselves into a league, would under a common understanding confer together and in case of threatened trouble or war hear the case, bring forth the pressure of public opinion, and, if necessary, summon divisions of their armies and navies to enforce the world's peace. In 1914, Theodore Roosevelt made a speech in which he brought forward the idea of a League of Nations for the prevention of future wars.

In his 'Plan for a World Peace,' President Wilson naturally took up the subject which had now become a familiar and popular one, saying that, of necessity, 'a force must be created as a guarantor of the permanency of the settlement so much greater than the force of any nation now

engaged that no nation, no probable combination, could face or withstand it. . . . It must be peace secured by the organized major force of mankind.'

In 1915 Senator Lodge discussed the subject, and in 1916 spoke again in favor of the general principles. In January, 1917, the President addressed the Senate upon a plan for a World Peace. When President Wilson presented to the Senate on January 22, 1917, his plan for a World Peace, Senator Lodge, in a speech upon it a few days later, said:

I fully agree with the President that if we are to have such a league as he describes and are to enforce peace, it must be done in just the way that he has stated. As a general proposition nothing could be more attractive for those who desire the peace of the world. I confess that when I first began to consider it, some two years ago, it presented great attractions to me; but the more I have thought about it, the more serious the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment seem to be. This is a matter which cannot be determined

by a verbal adherence to a general principle. Everything depends upon the details. In the first place, a league to enforce the peace of the world and create a major force of mankind to carry out the purposes of the league, must be made by treaty or convention among the nations agreeing. The agreement must be of the most solemn and binding kind.

He discussed the question of the size of such an international police to meet the uprising of several nations as this nation would require, from figures given by Professor Hart, of Harvard, who stated our share as at least half a million men under arms. He added that questions would arise as to what nation would provide the commander, whether each nation, large and small, would have equal power in the league; raised the point as to the consistency of such a league with the hitherto American policy of non-interference with the affairs of European nations, and the Monroe Doctrine. He closed with the words, 'There is no lurking place for a

league of peace, "supported by the organized major force of mankind," in the sentences of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson set forth in the preamble, "Let us beware how we take any steps which may precipitate this country and the people who come after us, and whose inheritance it is, into danger no man can foresee."'

A few days later, President Wilson, after an address to Congress in joint session and approval by the Senate, severed diplomatic relations with Germany, handed the German Ambassador his passports, and recalled our Ambassador from Berlin. Upon which Senator Lodge said in the Senate on February 7, 1917:

> In my opinion, Mr. President, the President of the United States in taking that action did what was demanded by the honor, the safety, and the future safety of the United States. . . . Under the circumstances, so far as I am con-

cerned, party lines vanish, and any criticism of the past or any criticism of the present is silenced by me. When my country is in controversy with a foreign nation, I can see for myself but one duty, and that is to stand by and support the recognized constitutional authority of the government in our dealings with foreign nations.

The President has taken grave action. I feel it to be my duty, as I have said, to support him to the utmost of my power. He is the President of my country, the President of the United States.

My earnest hope is that at this time personal feelings, political feelings, political enmities will all be laid aside, that we may remember only that we are citizens of a common country, that we are all Americans, and that our first duty is to stand together in this controversy, which has unhappily arisen with another nation, and let that nation and the world know that when the President speaks, as he has spoken, he has the Congress of the United States and the people of the United States, no matter what their race or origin, behind him in the one simple character of American citizens.

The people and Senator Lodge kept their pledge throughout the War. President Wilson held the political and larger

administrative offices for members of his party: but at his call leaders throughout the Nation in every department of business and civic life, followers of them, and the whole people dropped their regular duties or entered into them with manifold zeal for the defence of their country. The way in which one hundred million people, men, women, and children, were marshalled or marshalled themselves into the most effective service is a marvel of which we still stand in awe. The readjustment of industries, the efforts of the humblest homes, the select draft, the courage of those who cheered their loved ones off to camp, the terrific energy, sweat, and blood put into the neglected preparations for war; our financial support of the Allies with money, ammunition, and food; their support of us with their fine heroism and their ships — these, with the agony, pride, and elation, are now glorious memories.

On the 11th of November, 1918, the Armistice was declared, and we dropped our hands, our arms and tools — soldiers in France, sailors on the sea, civilians at home, exhausted but thankful, so thankful that we had entered in time to have a share in the victory.

President Wilson was, however, girding himself for what he believed a mightier task, the bringing of permanent peace to the world. For this, and for the Treaty of Peace and the uniting of the nations, he had been preparing; and by the skill of Colonel House scores of experts were ready at hand. The President felt the cause to be so vital that he must break all precedents and cross the ocean himself to represent his country at the Treaty Conference and present his cause.

On the 3d of December, 1919, President Wilson, with his great staff of experts and with a few personal advisers, so selected

as to suggest that he would dominate the situation, sailed in the steamship George Washington for France.

Never in the world's history has a man stood upon such a pinnacle of fame, power, and acclaim. In him the grateful people of western Europe saw the Nation that had come to their rescue, and in their reception they almost worshipped him and his people.

Hosts of them had found in his writings and messages notes of liberty and democracy which had freed their souls and given them hope for a happier world. He carried with him, too, on a few sheets of paper a rough sketch of what he hoped would become a golden book of history, the League of Nations to Enforce Peace. In figure, presence, and speech he was worthy of his exalted part.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

In recalling and reading the story of these years, we are compelled to note the contrasts and antagonisms in the character, point of view, and action of President Wilson and Senator Lodge. It is commonly said that they were personally and persistently antagonistic to each other; that their words and actions were often guided by jealousy, ambition, or hate. Such an estimate is, I believe, unworthy of either man, standing as they did in positions of high responsibility for their country.

We must look farther afield for our diagnosis of these apparent antipathies, back a hundred, even thousands of years, into race temperament and national associations.

Henry Cabot Lodge was of pure Anglo-

Saxon stock, with a dash of Norman blood through the Cabots. His forbears had been in this country, in Massachusetts, for from over one hundred to over two hundred and fifty years. They were citizens in the English Colony days; active in the Revolution; familiar with the beginnings and upbuilding of the Nation. They lived, breathed, and gloried in the national traditions. They had the characteristics of the English: a sense of duty and high ideals tempered in practical action by commonsense. They mingled their judgments with those of others and supported the common result. They valued clear and exact statement, knowing that vagueness is the mother of misunderstandings and controversy. As public servants their personal opinions were subject to the limitations of the duties of their office. Senator Lodge was the embodiment of Anglo-Saxon character.

Thomas Woodrow Wilson was, on the

Wilson side, Irish — Scotch-Irish; on the Woodrow side, Scotch: he was thus predominantly if not wholly Celt. Both peoples lived for centuries in the North apart from the larger movements of history. In the Irish blood was the light vein of humor, the idealism, and imagination which often makes men unpractical and which emphasizes the personal element in all transactions. In the Scotch was the dour temperament born of that dour clime. Theirs was an isolate and at times an uncanny and melancholy temper.

No forbear of Woodrow Wilson was in this country until after the Revolution was over, Washington dead, and the Nation fully established. None of them had lived in the traditions of English freedom or the forming years of this country. They were all Presbyterians, Calvinists: men and women who, when they were convinced of their mission, believed them-

selves called of God; and no force of man or devil could turn them. Woodrow Wilson's father, his mother's father, and his wife's father were Presbyterian ministers. They were preachers, prophets, idealists: some of them had great power of expression and of moving people to faith in the Bible as they understood it. They dealt in noble thoughts and eloquent phrases which do not usually accompany exactness of expression and definite language. A few were educators and writers. President Wilson was the embodiment of the Celtic character.

Has history ever recorded an instance when the Anglo-Saxon, the true Englishman, and the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian have, as the Psalmist sings, 'Taken sweet counsel together, or have walked, even in the House of God, as friends'?

We can now grasp something of the reason, of the tragedy, and of the humor

of two representatives of these two races placed in positions of high responsibility, one of them a Scotch-Irishman at the head of a great nation, founded on Anglo-Saxon law and traditions: both pledged to lead her as best they might through a great crisis of her history. 'God moves in a mysterious way': and seldom has His way been more mysterious.

After a triumphal tour through France, Italy, and England, including Carlisle, where his mother was born, the President buckled down to his task in Paris as a lonely knight; for alone he thought, wrote, and fought for his cause.

Of tradition and descent unlike that of the other statesmen and diplomats, speaking only the English language, inexperienced in diplomacy, confident in his mission and his power to carry it through, he undertook to make a short cut through the entire field of history and of human

nature so as to incorporate a League of Nations into the Treaty of Peace in order that peoples who had not the first glimmering of self-government, of popular education, or of chivalrous esteem of nation for nation, might through their representatives sit down together at table and by mutual agreement and continual conference so knit all peoples together in a common cause for peace as to make the whole world 'safe for democracy.' The representatives of the nations, the astute diplomats, and the few who had a glimpse of the noble ideals of the President were so conscious of the power of the United States, which had clinched their victory, that they were quick to do everything to support him consistent with what they believed to be the prosperity and power of their own country. In their acquiescence there might be favors to gain from the National Giant of the future.

Meantime Congress was sitting in Washington, watching, waiting, reading the reports which, far from being 'open covenants of peace openly arrived at,' were such items of news as the censor allowed to leak out from the secret conclave: and the Senators began to wonder if the statesmen of other countries knew that what the President might agree to was subject under the Constitution to 'their advice and consent.'

On February 14, 1919, the President read the draft of the League of Nations to the Peace Conference, and cabled the news of its completion to each member of the Committee on Foreign Relations. He then sailed for Boston; and the whole country was on tiptoe of expectation.

We all recall his reception. I can see him now coming up Commonwealth Avenue on that brilliant winter morning, his open motor moving between banks of

snow and banks of cheering people: he standing erect in the car in fur-lined overcoat waving his top hat in response to the cheers, as he had stood in passing through Paris, Rome, and London.

In that very hour the climax was reached.

His speech at Mechanics Hall was indefinite and disappointing. Going directly to the White House in Washington, he called around him the members of the Foreign Affairs Committee and explained the League to them. Some of their questions were to him strange and uncalled-for: and some of his answers were to them elusive and unsatisfactory.

In a week he was to sail again for France, taking the draft of the League back with him. He had not asked 'the advice and consent' of the Senate: it was not necessary for him to do so then. But some of the Senators believed that it was

only fair, to him before he sailed, to the country, and to the statesmen of Europe, to know that the League did not have their support. Hence thirty-seven members of the Senate in the next Congress put themselves on record as refusing their endorsement of the League of Nations Covenant.

It will be recalled that 'the next Congress' was less sympathetic with the President than the past one; for at the time of the autumn Congressional election, before he sailed for France, he had issued an appeal for a stronger representation of the Democratic Party. Coming as it did, immediately after the whole Nation, regardless of party, had supported him through the agonies of the war, it created a revulsion of feeling. A stronger Republican Congress, one less favorable to his policies, was the result.

Upon the President's departure, the discussion of the Covenant, for and

against, became active and Nation-wide, a campaign of education which lasted until the next Presidential election. Perhaps the most significant incident was the discussion in Symphony Hall on March 19th between Senator Lodge and President Lowell, Governor Coolidge presiding. It was a thoroughly Bostonian occasion, and the best citizens with the multitude turned out, with a preponderance of the audience and applause for the Covenant.

My subject is Henry Cabot Lodge, and not President Wilson or the Covenant of the League of Nations, except as they bear upon him, his opinions and action.

Cabot Lodge believed with all his heart in the American ideal, which was that of Washington and which has obtained throughout our history.

As an historian and statesman he distrusted any national or international action, however well intended, which leaped

so far beyond the traditions and development of each nation as to endanger its permanence and create a disastrous reaction. He believed that national and international action must be built up from the people, their traditions and their intelligent assent, and not imposed from above. The world is full of the wrecks of noble ideals, pressed into action by leaders who had not the patience and faith to educate the world toward them. Hence in his consideration of the Covenant he met many critical problems; such as these:

No nation, not one of those whose representatives had assembled in Paris to make and sign the Treaty of Peace, had been commissioned by vote or by the intelligence or knowledge of the people as to what the League of Nations really meant. It was to be a plan, let down from above: plans let down from above are not safe or successful in days of democracy.

The Covenant was to be written into the Treaty of Peace in such a way as to become part of the warp and woof of the whole: and this at the close of the greatest war of history, when passions and jealousies were keen, when emotions were on the surface, when sharp reactions of feelings were sure to come. To be sure, national lines were then plastic, and the newly formed nationalities could be tied to a new system for the preservation and enforcement of peace; but the risk of a sudden casting into mould of those two great issues, both of them new to history, was very great. Again, the history of sudden alliances was ominous. Moreover, the prestige of the United States, its wealth and power, were great temptations to some nations to enter a plan which could not under that sentiment be impartially considered.

The Covenant as presented, by drawing

us into practical alliance with European and other nations, reversed 'the American policy' established by Washington, and appeared to negative or wipe out the Monroe Doctrine — a policy so revolutionary as to demand before acceptance the intelligent consideration and approval of the American people.

Senator Lodge had had a part in the framing of scores of treaties, and knew the value of patient thought, the passage of time for consideration, and exact language. To clarify the terms of a treaty so that both nations may be practically certain of a common understanding of its language is worth months of study; for thereby friction and sometimes war are averted.

The Covenant was practically a treaty or a constitution between forty or more of the nations of the world; and its bearing was not simply upon trade or boundary

lines, but upon the issues of international peace and war, the upholding or the punishment of a recalcitrant nation; hence the need of the utmost exactness of language. This Covenant had been struck off in a few weeks, while the critical issues of the Treaty of Peace were also under consideration; and within a week of its publication, statesmen, lawyers, and citizens of every interest were disputing as to the meaning of the most vital sections.

What would happen if under stress of hostile feeling nations hot for war were to depend upon the language of this Covenant? It would be 'a scrap of paper' on the moment. As Mr. Taft, once President and later Chief Justice, an earnest supporter of the ideal of a League, said, 'Undoubtedly the Covenant needs revision. It is not symmetrically arranged: its meaning has to be dug out, and the language is ponderous and in diplomatic patois.' Its

terms upon immigration and the tariff were vague.

American Policy and practice has always recognized the equality of States. This Nation has always recognized the equality of nations. Upon this principle the Pan-American Union stands. The League of Nations, on the contrary, was and is the glorification of the Great Powers. They made the League. The large States were to be permanently represented in the League: the little States had no representation as of right, only by election. The League is an organization in which it is possible for the Great Powers to control the action of the small Powers: it is not an organization in which the small Powers can control the Great Powers.

The ideal of the nations of the world pledging themselves under certain conditions to insure the peace of the world

has appealed to all of us. In national and international relations, however, ideals must meet practical tests. The rôle of an idealist is a noble one, provided he stands true to his ideal. The President, to gain the object of his ambition, became involved in unrighteous compromises, such as the surrender of Shantung to Japan, in order to secure the establishment of the League; and, forsaking his ideal, or seeking to realize it through unjust means, he gained the ill-will and even hatred of peoples which had trusted him, and tended to injure the fair name of the country, won through the sacrifice of her sons.

Important as were these and other considerations in the judgment of Senator Lodge they all held a place secondary to that which, by common popular consent and the understanding of the President and Senate, was the heart of the Covenant, Article 10, which reads:

The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. In case of any such aggression, or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression, the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

When I opened the newspaper upon the first publication of the Covenant, I sat down and read it carefully. Coming to Article 10, I read it again and again. Whatever its last clause might mean about advising the members as to how they should fulfil their obligations, the first clause was clear and final — 'The members of the League [the United States if she enters] undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League.' I read it again; and then I went to my desk and wrote:

My dear Cabot,

I do not see how any true American can stand for Article 10 of the League of Nations.

And I added that the country should know what the Covenant would lead us into.

In answer he wrote:

My dear William,

Your kind note has given me the greatest pleasure. It is a comfort to me to know that you feel just as you do about the League; that the first thing is to consider it thoroughly; that we ought to know, in a matter of such vital importance, just where we are going, and that the American people ought to understand it.... The attempt of President Wilson to force it through without consultation with the Senate, equally responsible with him in the making of treaties, is nothing more or less than an attempt to destroy the Constitution.

Always affectionately yours

H. C. Lodge

We have not yet, however, struck the fundamental issue of the debate, which was whether the United States would hold to or abandon its historic American Policy or enter into close and organic

relations with the nations of Europe and throughout the world.

By our independence we have made unique contributions to the good-will and peace of the world. We have for instance contributed a straightforward, open type of diplomat and diplomacy. The names of Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, Commodore Perry, who was a messenger of peace to Japan, Charles Francis Adams, John Hay, Elihu Root, and others come to mind.

We have done unique things: We have taken possession of Cuba, cleaned it up, reconstructed its government, and given it back to its people. We have preserved the integrity of China, asking nothing in return. We sent two million of our men to France; thousands fell, and we asked not for an inch of territory.

We have an individuality, traditions, and ideas which have been nurtured under

the American Policy, the surrender of which, even for high purposes, should be thought out. Hence came the need of a thorough debate and the careful consideration of such reservations as this country would be warranted in requiring before entering the League of Nations.

When the President finally presented the Covenant to the Senate for their advice and consent, Senator Lodge, if he had considered only his own judgment, would have voted against it without question or compromise. He always had, however, a keen sense of responsibility for his broader duties. This Covenant was presented to him as a Senator by the President of the United States, and he always felt it his duty to accede to such a call at every point consistent with his principles. He was also leader of the Republican side of the House, and Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations: a unique position,

and on him to a good degree the peace and unity of the country depended.

Hence, with a solemn sense of responsibility, and with all the forces of body, mind, and character, he gave himself to so meeting the objections and opinions of Senator after Senator, adjusting words and sentences, as to obtain a two-thirds vote for the reservation.

The pressure upon Senator Lodge from all parts of the country to alter this or that phrase was tremendous. He was charged with inconsistency, with breaking his word, and evading issues. I recall writing him, as thousands did, asking for a change in the preamble, to which he answered:

> The wording of the preamble, so called, which was suggested by Mr. Root, has never been satisfactory to me, but there are reasons, and very strong ones, why I cannot undertake to amend it any more than I could when we voted on November 19th. It was then too

late to change. Everybody had agreed on the reservations and they were adopted just as they stood, and if we had opened the way for changes it might have endangered the whole body of reservations. The reservations must not be changed, and I could not now suggest an amendment. It would be misunderstood. The Democrats are simply trying to make some change, great or small, so that they may say the reservations are theirs. . . . Of course the President may continue to hold his position that he will not accept the treaty with reservations, on which we cannot compromise; in that case it will go to the people in the next election. . . .

The reservations must go as they are. They represent months of patient work, concessions on both sides, and a consideration of all possible modifications.

In the Senate he had a body of strong and determined men to deal with. Nevertheless, he had the names of the necessary two thirds, Democrats and Republicans, who were ready to vote for the Covenant with the reservations. There were weeks when the Treaty and Covenant were before the Senate when enough Democrats

were ready to vote for the Covenant with reservations to have made up a two-thirds vote; but the President had told them that he regarded the reservations as a 'nullification of the Treaty.' Whether this determination was due to promises which he had unhesitatingly made in Paris, or to his temperament or principles, no one may say.

Had the President simply kept silence and allowed those Democratic Senators, strong, conscientious, loyal Americans, to vote according to their judgment, he would have had their consent and approval, and the United States might have been sitting to-day in the League of Nations. Failure to enter the League was not due to the Senate, nor to its leader, Senator Lodge.

When our class gathered in June, 1921, for its fiftieth anniversary, I reminded them that we had a classmate who, when

he seemed to be almost alone in the Senate and country, stood for the Constitution and the American Policy; who, by his courage, patience, and ability, so led the Senate, and with hosts of other citizens so revealed to the people the foundations upon which our laws and liberties are built, that, when the day entitled by President Wilson for the 'solemn referendum' on the League of Nations came, the Presidential election day of 1920, the Republican candidate, Warren G. Harding, was elected by seven million majority; and a Republican majority went into both Houses of Congress. While there were other issues in the campaign, I claimed for the class an achievement in leadership unsurpassed in the history of the country.

CHAPTER IX

LAST YEARS

We are as a rule singularly unimaginative in our attitude toward public men. We often forget that they are human, with the limitations, emotions, domestic joys and sorrows, and in later years the waning strength, of common men. We see them in public alert, forceful, and outstanding: we do not know what physical reaction, personal worries, or nervous hours form their background.

Cabot Lodge had received heavy blows in his later life: the sudden death from heart trouble of his oldest son, a young man of unusual gifts and promise, when they were alone on the Island of Tuckanuck, distant from help; his own terrific illness with surgical operations when he came near death and when some vitality

must have permanently gone from him; and the heaviest blow of all, the unexpected death of his wife.

'You can hardly realize,' he wrote me at the time, 'what it meant to me to have you pronounce the solemn and noble words of the Church in the last ceremonies at the funeral and at the tomb. A lifelong friend to us both, you knew her and what she was, and that to me she was all in all. All you say of her in your letter comes to me as a help in this darkest of hours. My dear old friend, I am very grateful to you.' Then came the strain of the War, and the death of his son-in-law, Augustus P. Gardner, Congressman and Major: and finally the great fight of his life for what he believed to be the very heart of the Nation: and the victory.

President Harding called him out for one great occasion. For thirty years he had longed for closer and happier relations

with other countries and for greater assurance of international peace. Each treaty was to him a link welded in the chain of good-will, and the Hague Conference and Tribunal a sheet anchor. His constant hope was the setting-up of permanent international courts whereby the relations and the peace of nations would be built, not upon the uncertain and varying opinions of persons, be they diplomats, ministers, or government representatives, but upon firm foundations of law, understanding and traditions, created and upheld by courts and judges well removed from the politics and the passing moods of the nations. He believed with all his heart in the policy of international conference.

Hence he entered with the keenest sympathy into the proposal of President Harding, supported by Mr. Hughes, Secretary of State, to call a 'Conference

looking to a reduction of armament and the settlement of some of the grave questions that confronted us in the Far East.'

That he should have been recognized by all as a leader toward international peace and good-will was to him a source of immense satisfaction and pride. It gave an answer to those who did not comprehend his stand against the Covenant of the League of Nations and who esteemed him a fomenter of war, not a lover and upholder of peace.

As Senator Underwood, who, with Secretary Hughes, Mr. Root, and Senator Lodge, represented this Nation, said of him in his memorial address, 'His long training in diplomatic questions, his splendid education in the history of the world's affairs, his masterful knowledge of the dangerous issues that lead to world embroilment, and his clear and analytic mind blazed the way toward the solving

of many of the difficult problems that confronted the American Delegation at the Washington Conference.... When the clouds of political discord have rolled away, and the work of the Washington Conference will be regarded as having blazed the way to a permanent disarmament of the world, Henry Cabot Lodge will stand in the front ranks and among the great leaders who accomplished this successful result.'

The Conference over, he settled down to his duties in the Senate and to reading and study in his library. He was now the leader of the Senate, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, highly regarded by all. He was also the senior member of the Senate, in his sixth term of office, and over seventy years of age.

Conditions in the Senate were difficult for the leader. Neither party had a clear majority, enabling a small group or bloc

to cast themselves to this side and that, hold up constructive legislation, and thus discredit the Republican Party, which was supposed to be in power. It was a Senate that could not be driven and would not be led.

Two questions arose for which Senator Lodge had some special responsibility: A Permanent Court of International Justice, which had been supported by President Harding, the Republican Convention, and later by President Coolidge; and the Veterans' Adjustment Compensation Act.

The Bill for the Permanent Court of International Justice was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and lay there for a long time to the indignation of great numbers of citizens and many organizations. Naturally the indignation centred around the Chairman.

The peaceful settlement of international

disputes through arbitration and through courts of justice, applying to nations the same principles of law as are applied to individuals, has always been the policy of this country. In this policy Senator Lodge heartily believed.

The proposal for adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations was unsatisfactory to him for two fundamental reasons: one was that in his opinion it was and still is an agent of the League of Nations, and as the agent was not free and independent, as believing in the American policy he would want it to be: second, he was opposed to the election of judges by the League as indicating that the Court was an agent of the League, and he was opposed to the admission of the United States to the Council and to the Assembly for the purpose of electing judges.

He was, however, in favor of the Court if separated from the League, separated in such a way that the judges would no longer be elected by the League, directly or indirectly, and that the Court should be as separate from the League as is the Permanent Court of International Arbitration created by the First Hague Peace Conference of 1899, long before the existence of the League, and which continues its independent and separate existence. As Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee he could not regard the reservations proposed by Secretary Hughes and concurred in by Mr. Root as separating the Court from the League.

After some months, Senator Lodge as Chairman reported to the Senate an amended project, where it has been on the calendar ever since, subject to being called by any Senator; but no Senator has called for it. Having great confidence as Sena-

tor Lodge did in the worth of discussion of vital questions by the Senate and the American people, he had looked forward to a time for adequate discussion. Since his death the date for this has been set for next December.

In 1924, the Presidential election was approaching. President Coolidge, who would undoubtedly be the choice of the Republican Party, had pressed for economy at every point. He like Mr. Harding was opposed to a bonus for the soldiers and sailors of the War, or the Veterans' Adjustment Bill. The question became, not only that of the veterans, but of the support of President Coolidge's policy of economy, and of his next election: and at that time every one of influence and determination seemed to be needed for his election.

The Veterans' Adjustment Bill passed by Congress was vetoed by the President,

was passed over his head by the House, and, coming before the Senate, was bound to meet a very close vote. Senator Lodge had supported both Bonus and Adjustment Bills from the start. Would he be obstinate and hold his position? Thousands of telegrams poured in on him urging him to stand by the President. I sent one. When, however, it came to the final vote, Senator Lodge answered to the call in favor of the Bill, and overriding the President's veto; and only his vote was needed to reverse the decision.

It was a critical moment in the life and long career of an old man, the senior Senator, the leader of his President's party: and anathemas were hurled at him by almost every newspaper and a great part of public opinion from over the country. He was accused of playing false to the President, a friend and former Governor of his State.

When the National Convention met in Cleveland, he who had been Permanent Chairman thrice, who had been Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and who for forty years had been a man to be considered at every step, found himself without office and often coolly, though courteously, treated. Delegates sought his room for advice, and he had a quiet but important part in making up the platform. He simply said, 'My party has given me high honor in the past, and if I have done what is not now approved by many, why should I not take my place in the ranks?' And taking out his little volume of Shakespeare, which was always with him, he read quietly in his room, recalled happy memories, and harbored no ill-will. His past was secure.

What perverse reason or temper could have led him to this action? was asked at

every hand. His answer is given in a letter to a friend from which I quote.

After reviewing his consistent action in favor of a bonus from 1920 on, because, 'after much thought,' he 'had come early to the conclusion that the soldiers deserved a bonus in some reasonable form,' and showing that his position had been made clear by speeches and conversations, and by voting to pass the bill over President Harding's veto, so that his entire constituency knew his position, he wrote:

When the question came up again this year, I may say that I felt the President would think it proper to veto the bonus if it were sent to him by Congress, and from his point of view, which was chiefly influenced by the question of finance, I thought I thoroughly understood and appreciated his attitude, but he knew also what mine had been, for he was in the Senate, I think, when I spoke. I have never exchanged a word with him about it since, but he knew my position just as well as I thought I knew his. It came up the second time, and I voted, of course, to pass it. Then

came the tremendous pressure to have me change my position and vote against it. This I simply could not do. I should have lost all my self-respect if I had. I had not made a promise to any individuals or to soldiers, because they never asked me for one, but I had made the promise by declaration to a great constituency. There have been no changes in conditions whatever. The bill this year was rather better than the one upon which I voted in 1922. If I had felt that I could change and desired to do so, which I did not, I should have changed before the vote on the bill, and not waited until the President vetoed it and then shifted my vote with the popular pressure at the last moment. I simply could not do it. If I had, I should have incurred the just contempt of those whom I had betrayed and the contempt also of those whom I had deserted. . . . I do not mean that my opinion is right or wrong. I am speaking of my own action.

'Had ours been an army of volunteers,' he said to me months before, 'and had they by their own act taken their lives in their own hands and enlisted, the right to a bonus might well be questioned, but by a select draft the Nation took those men, sent them to France, some of them to

death; while we stayed at home and some of us made large profits. Even those who came home well and strong had given time and strength, and had left wife and children. It has been the habit of this country to treat her defenders generously, and I will not desert these men who at the command of the country risked their lives for us.'

When at Nahant awaiting his second operation, a friend found him lying on his couch, weak, but ready to talk. He said with deep emotion, 'I voted to draft the men into the War. I promised to vote for a bonus when they went across. I regard that as a sacred promise, and would have betrayed them had I broken it.'

Who of us knowing all this would have it otherwise? 'Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'

Cabot Lodge's wish had always been to die in harness. Very soon after the Con-

vention he went into the shadow of a severe surgical operation. To escape from the great heat of July, he was then taken to Nahant. Here on the piazza looking out upon the cliffs and ocean, upon Egg Rock and the shore across the bay, scenes so dear to him, he patiently and cheerfully rested, and read and talked quietly with loved ones. Soon another operation followed, and all seemed well, when suddenly the silver cord of life was loosened and snapped, and in the early morning of November 9, 1924, he fell asleep.

Three days later we read over him the burial service in the church where over half a century before he and his bride had stood. We carried his body past the pew of George Washington, the site of the Washington Elm, and Craigie House, the Cambridge home of Washington, and laid him beside his wife.

Fourteen years before, when public opinion seemed to be moving against him before an election, he gave the Commonwealth his confession of political faith. Friends engaged for him Symphony Hall and invited all citizens, those hostile to him, those favorable, and those seeking to know the truth. The hall and surrounding streets were packed: the audience waited in keen expectancy when the spare, alert figure of Senator Lodge came to the front of the platform. Alone, without introduction, without personal support: alone he faced the multitude, and in simple words told the story of his public service: —

My public service is all public: I have no secrets, nothing to conceal. Whatever my shortcomings, I have cherished with reverence the dignity and the traditions of the great office which I hold. My first allegiance as an American is to the great Nation founded, built up, preserved by heroic sacrifices and untold treasure. I was born and

bred in Massachusetts. I love every inch of the old State, from the rocks of Essex and the glittering sands of the Cape to the fair Valley of the Connecticut and the wooded Berkshire Hills. Here my people have lived before me since the days of the Massachusetts Bay Company. Here they lie at rest in the graveyards of Essex, on Boston Common, beneath the shadows of Park Street Church. Here I have lived all my life. Here my dead are buried. To her service I have given my all: no man can give more. Others may easily serve her better than I in those days yet to be; but of this I am sure: that no one can ever serve her with a greater love or deeper loyalty.

THE END

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